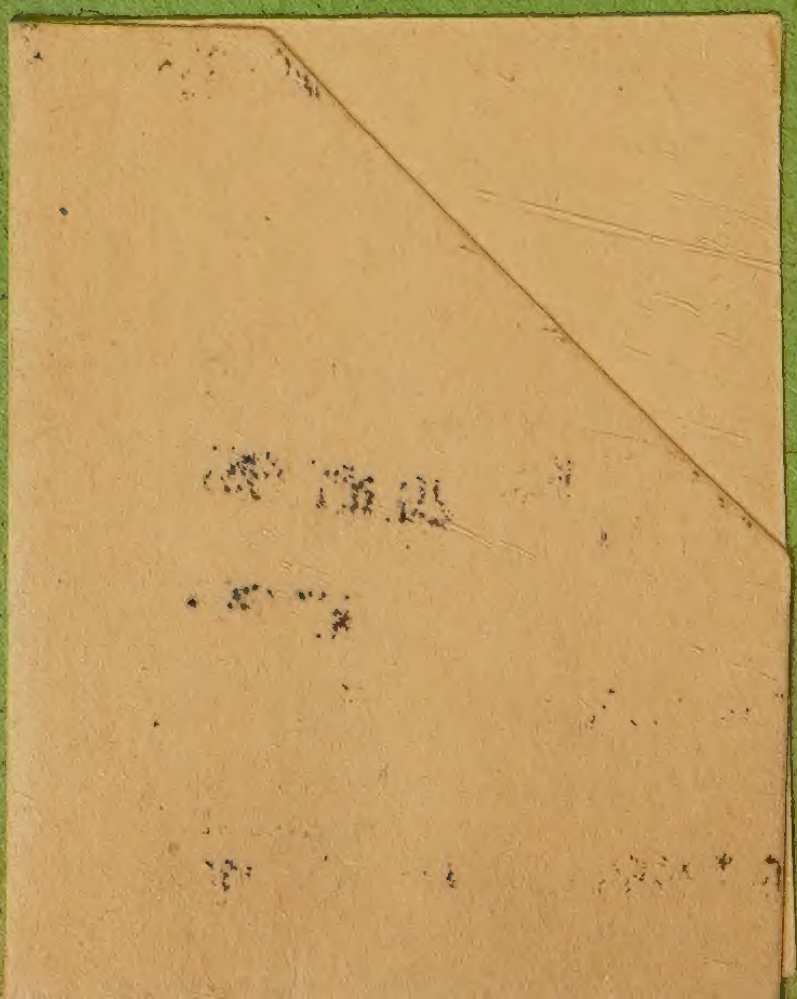

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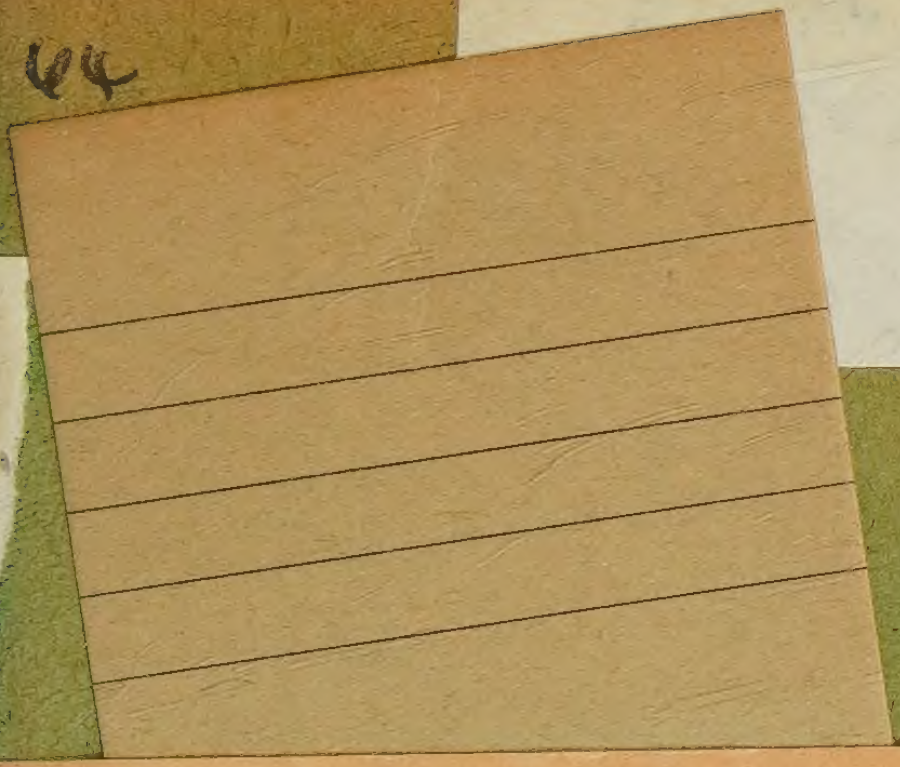

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PREFACE

In launching the fourth series of *New Rambles in Old London* we may with due modesty perhaps be allowed to thank the reviewers for their kind references to the forerunning volumes.

'They are concisely and authoritatively written, and tell the reader just what he wants to know about the streets in which he walks, their historical and literary associations.' 'The stones of London, like the *Stones of Venice*, tell us at every turn the history of great men and great causes.' 'The get-up is irreproachable and the size handy.' 'The wonder is that no one ever thought of this very attractive plan before.' 'They might suggest similar publications in the interests of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.' 'All the technique of the Homeland Association is here.'

These notes are taken from reviews in current journals varying in range from *The Times Literary Supplement* and *The New York Publishers' Weekly* to the *Church Times*. We can only hope that the new volume will find as many friends.

Prescott Row.

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SOME BOOKS TO BE CONSULTED

XIX. *An Illustrated Itinerary of the Ward of Bishopsgate.* (THOMAS HUGO.)

The Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. (J. E. COX.)

Crosby Hall. (C. W. F. GOSS.)

XX. *The History of the Squares of London.* (E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.)

Book for a Rainy Day. (J. T. SMITH.)

XXI. *History of Southwark.* (T. ALLEN.)

Inns and Taverns of Southwark. (NORMAN RENDLE.)

XXII. *Gray's Inn.* (W. R. DOUTHWAITE.)

Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn. (H. D. BELLOT.)

Staple Inn and Its Story. (T. CATO WORSFOLD.)

XXIII. *History of St. James's Square.* (A. I. DASENT.)

Memorials of St. James's Street. (E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.)

XXIV. *Down Thames Street.* (MARK ROGERS.)

The Vintners' Company. (THOMAS MILBOURN.)

The Great Fire of London in 1666. (W. G. BELL.)

No. 19

BISHOPSGATE WITHIN AND WITHOUT

BY

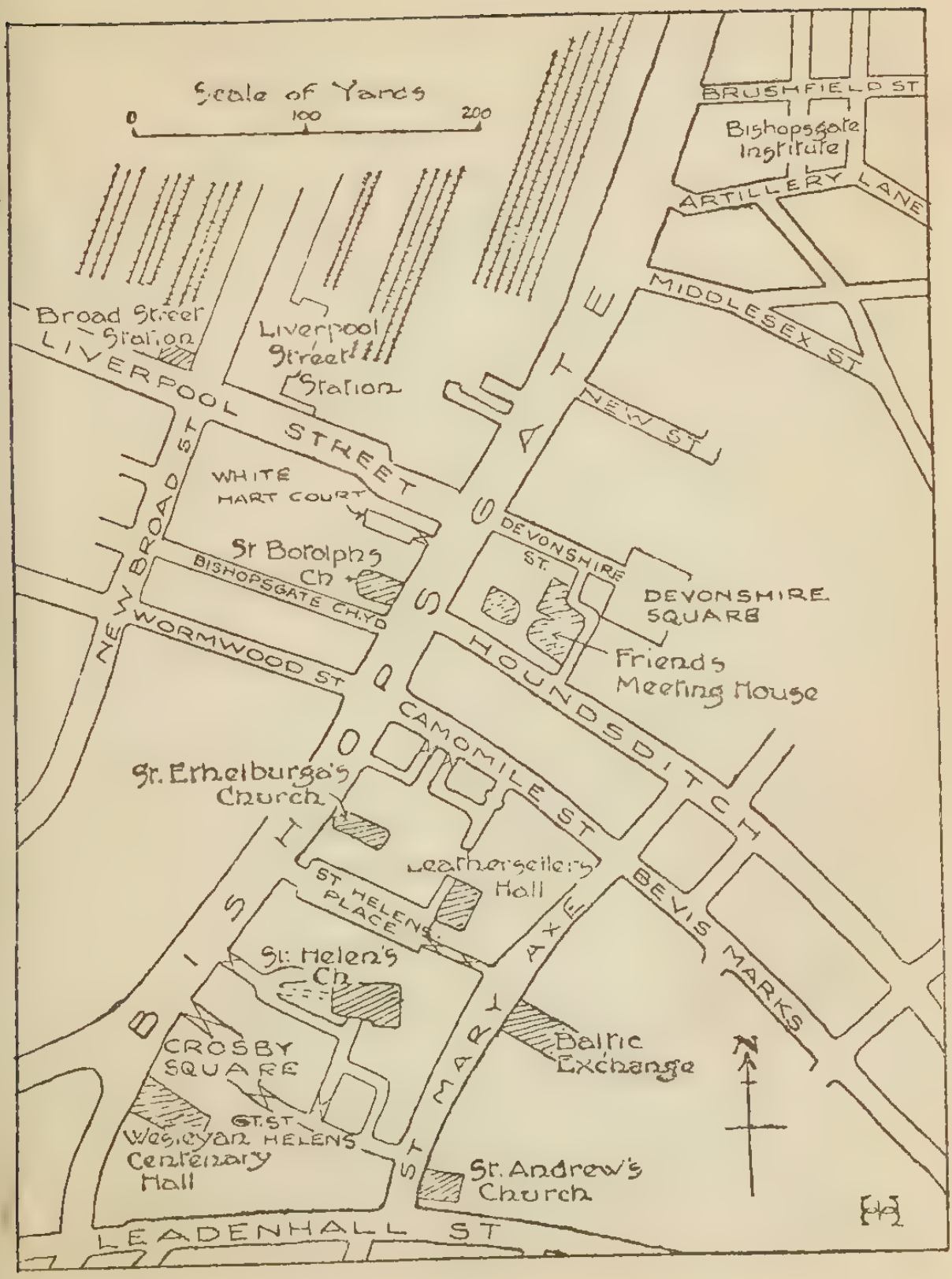
W. H. FAIRBAIRNS

AS we enter Bishopsgate by the corner of Cornhill and turn north-eastward, we very soon get to know something of its spirit. There are in the street interesting literary associations; there are wonderful churches; there are sites of famous houses and taverns. We shall come to them as we proceed, while names famous in history from time to time will appear. But it is of trading, banking, and commerce generally that we must think when we start on this ramble; of the wonderful part that these things have played in the history of our land, and the encouragement that they give for the future. Crosby Hall, one of the most interesting buildings of its date in England, was built by a grocer and wool-stapler, while a considerable part of the interest of the churches that we are to visit is in the monuments of great financiers, Crosby, Gresham, Spencer; while the politicians that we meet, such as Sir Paul Pindar and Sir Julius Caesar, are also men of finance and affairs; the first was one of the

wealthiest merchants of his time, and the second the Chancellor of the Exchequer of James I. Again, although we meet Charles Lamb, it is at the South Sea House, then in its decline, but known to all as the home of the famous Bubble, while Edward Alleyn, who was born in the Ward, is not only famous for Dulwich College, but for the commercial skill that furnished him with the necessary funds.

On the site of No. 5, on the left, where stands now the Royal Bank of Scotland, the 'London Tavern,' up to 1876, played an important part, where the East India Company on occasion solemnly fed, where most civic dinners of distinction were held, where also the minor City Companies found their hall. Dickens read there, and brings the tavern into *Nicholas Nickleby*. May Meetings were not unknown in the 'London Tavern,' and (oh, how long ago it seems !) Mr. Mundella spoke there in support of Women Suffrage. The original 'London Tavern' has gone and is forgotten, but the memory of the last host must be remembered. I forget his christian name, so I will call him simply Mr. Funge. He was a genial soul, a capable man of affairs, who, when the 'London' was closed, re-opened with great success Garraways Coffee House.

Crossing Bishopsgate, we see on the right No. 8, the large red brick building designed by Norman Shaw, the important offices of Messrs.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BRUSHFIELD ST
Bishopsgate Institute
ARTILLERY LANE
MIDDLESEX ST
Broad Street Station
Liverpool Street Station
LIVERPOOL STREET
NEW ST
BROAD ST
WHITE HART COURT
St Botolphs Ch
BISHOPSGATE CHYD
DEVONSHIRE ST.
DEVONSHIRE SQUARE
Friends Meeting House
WORMWOOD ST
HOUNDSDITCH
CAMOMILE ST
St. Ethelburga's Church
Leatherseilers Hall
ST HELENS PLACE
BISHOPSGATE
St: Helen's Ch
BEVIS MARKS
CROSBY SQUARE
Baltic Exchange
ST ST HELENS
Wesleyan Centenary Hall
St. Andrew's Church
LEADENHALL ST
AXE ST
N

Baring Bros., world financiers. The founder of the business was Sir Francis Baring, who was born in 1740, grandson of Franz Baring, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Bremen. His father, John Baring, settled at Larkbear, near Exeter, as a wool merchant and manufacturer, and here Francis was born. He came to London, and there entered upon the career which earned him the title of 'the first merchant in Europe.' He was chairman of the East India Company, was made baronet in 1793, and represented Grampound from 1784 to 1790. In many other ways he was famous, and, dying in 1810, was succeeded by a very remarkable family distinguished in finance, in politics, and the Church. The descendants of his three elder sons now represent respectively the peerages of Northbrook, Ashburton, and Revelstoke; his grandson, Charles Thomas Baring (1807–79), was Bishop of Durham; his great-grandson, Evelyn Baring (1841–1917), Earl of Cromer, was the famous administrator of Egypt.

Continue along the same side of the road, and we find at No. 22, Messrs. Antony Gibbs & Sons, so famous in Australian and South American business. Like many another business concern in this street, the fruits of commerce have been devoted to high purpose. It was the late Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs (afterwards Lord Aldenham) who did such splendid work for St. Albans Cathedral, and the beautiful house and park at Aldenham

(around which you no doubt often pass in your motor rides, and which is so graciously opened at stated times) is occupied by the Honourable Vicary Gibbs, a member of the firm and family.

At No. 24 is the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, in a new dress of 1903. The original classic building of 1839 was without much outward attraction, but remember that here were heard Morley Punshon, Peter Mackenzie, and many leaders of Evangelical thought.

We pass along to the junction of the street with Threadneedle Street. On the site now occupied by a branch of Lloyds Bank there stood, until 1874, the rebuilt parish church of St. Martin Outwich, with a history of over 500 years. From here look across the street to the commanding building, with statues on the sky line, erected in 1865 by John Gibson for the National Provincial Bank of England. The interior, with its polished columns, is a really fine specimen of the Byzantine-Romanesque style. The fortunate people who work and bank amid such magnificence are, no doubt, duly impressed, and some of them will remember that Charles Lamb, on leaving school, once worked in the South Sea House, the site of which is partly occupied by the bank. Lamb tells us all about it in his essay, *The South Sea House*, where also he tells us of the ' Flower Pot,' adjoining where a place was secured ' for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat

northerly.' In Threadneedle Street we still have next to the bank a South Sea House on the remainder of the historic site, and above the entrance is a piece of quite good sculpture from the old building. And now a word about the 'Flower Pot' mentioned by Lamb. It stood where the National Provincial Bank now stands, and it must have been quite exciting to watch the omnibuses arrive and turn for the Dalston and Shacklewell journey. We might add Southgate, Stamford Hill, Clapton, Hackney, and other suburbs arising in the north of London. Old-fashioned horse-omnibuses they were, of various delightful colours, the coveted seats by the driver, and the knife-board on top, drawn by a pair, three horses abreast, or tandem. When the 'Flower Pot' came down, the buses moved to the Royal Exchange. How funny it all reads nowadays.

Facing the National Provincial Bank there once stood a most interesting building—Crosby Hall Chambers. On the site now stands the Bank of Scotland. Crosby Hall Chambers are said to have been built by Inigo Jones. In one of the rooms (for at the end it was let out as business offices) there was a fine fireplace, the overmantel bearing initials 'C. B.' and the date 1633. It is beautifully sketched in Hugo's *Itinerary of the Ward of Bishopsgate,* and also in the *Daily Graphic* of December 23, 1891, where Crosby Hall Chambers are illustrated and described. When I first knew it the fireplace

was neglected and thickly coloured with paint. It has now been restored and has an honoured place in the Bank of Scotland, where, by the courtesy of the manager, I have just seen it.

Turn now to the right under an archway into Crosby Square, where, at No. 4, within living memory, was the last private garden in the City of London. Stow's definition is not quite so clear as usual. The square is apparently included in the area of which he says 'amongst other tenements are divers fair and large-built houses for merchants and suchlike.' The actual square, no doubt, was part of the site of Crosby Place, and as such is associated with all the memories of that famous building. To-day it is just a quiet business locality. Walk across to the opposite corner where, on the site of the present tunnel, was a gateway of Crosby Place, a back entrance or garden gate. Pass through the tunnel and you have on your right and left, connected by a bridge, one of the Petroleum Palaces of the City. It is a really fine building, and a glance down the list of occupants in the lobby on the right is quite interesting. At the west end of the site there stood a warehouse of Sir John Spencer, of Crosby Hall, and later a sumptuous Jewish synagogue. The little narrow lane is, no doubt, the survival of some garden walk and perhaps back way to Crosby Place. Almost immediately turn left through a doorway passage at 15,Great St. Helen's, into a courtway. In front,

with a stone porch of 1633, is seen the church of Great St. Helen's, of which more presently. Turn now to the left. You are once more in Bishopsgate Street, and you have done something interesting in the loop that you have made. You have walked round the site of Crosby Hall, the most noted, and one of the finest examples of domestic architecture of the Perpendicular period in England. So let us consider the historic building which Sir John Crosby began to erect about 1466 on ground leased from the Prioress of Great St. Helen's for the annual rent of £11 6s. 8d., a figure that gives subject for thought to-day.

Sir John Crosby was a sheriff and alderman and a strong Yorkist. He met Edward IV on his entry into the City in 1471, and was then knighted. In 1475 he died. The fine residence, which its builder enjoyed for so few years, became an attractive centre of public life, for Sir John Crosby's widow sold it to the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, who planned here the murder of the princes in the Tower. It is all in Shakespeare :

> 'When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.'—
> Richard III.

There are two other references in the play.

In 1501 Sir Bartholomew Rede came into possession of Crosby Hall. He was Lord Mayor in the following year. He spent a princely fortune in hospitality and beneficence, leaving large estates to the Goldsmiths' Company for charitable purposes.

He entertained Princess Catherine of Aragon before her marriage to Prince Arthur. Sir Thomas More is in occupation in 1516, and after several other interesting owners, we find Alderman Bond purchaser in 1566, followed by Sir John Spencer in 1594, whose son-in-law brought his great property, including Crosby Place, to the Comptons, Earls of Northampton. A great array of historic names is found in connexion with the place as tenants or visitors, among the latter the Duke of Sully, able minister of Henry IV of France, Sir Walter Raleigh (who may have been living there in 1602), and Mary, Countess of Pembroke, 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' and then in 1674 a fire destroyed the principal part of the mansion. The Great Hall fortunately escaped, and became in turn a place of worship for Presbyterians, a packer's warehouse, a literary institute (1842–60), a wine merchant's store, and then a restaurant. And what an excellent restaurant it was. Then the site was sold (1908) to the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and the old Hall of Sir Thomas More was taken down and is now re-erected in Chelsea, in the garden of its sometime owner. Perhaps we should not leave Crosby Hall without mentioning that Shakespeare would, no doubt, be a visitor there. It is probable that he lived in the parish of St. Helen's, where, indeed, in 1598, we find he was assessed five pounds on a house. Philip Sidney would be another visitor

when his sister, to whom he dedicated his *Arcadia*, was the distinguished occupier. Crosby Hall was a fair place. How splendid to think that it still stands! Let us leave it with a couple of lines of Sir Philip Sidney:

> Be you still fair, honoured by public heed;
> By no encrouchment wrong'd, nor time forgot.

Now look across the road on your left to Gresham House.

Gresham House! Raise your hat as you approach it, for there are few memories in the City of London that command greater respect than that of Gresham. A word first of all about Sir Richard Gresham (1485–1549), who was a valued financier of Henry VIII and a friend of Wolsey, by whom he stood to the end. In 1537 Gresham was Lord Mayor; he profited in the Dissolution of the Monasteries, was none too lenient with those who opposed the faith of the moment, was three times Master of the Mercers' Company, and died at Bethnal Green, where he had his principal mansion. Sir John Gresham, the founder of Holt Grammar School, Norfolk, was brother to Sir Richard and his partner. He also was Lord Mayor (1547). Then came the greatest member of the family, Sir Thomas Gresham, the famous founder of the Royal Exchange. He was born in 1519, the son of Sir Richard, was educated at the Mercers' School, and, under Uncle John, was trained to business. In 1552 he was appointed Royal Agent at Antwerp.

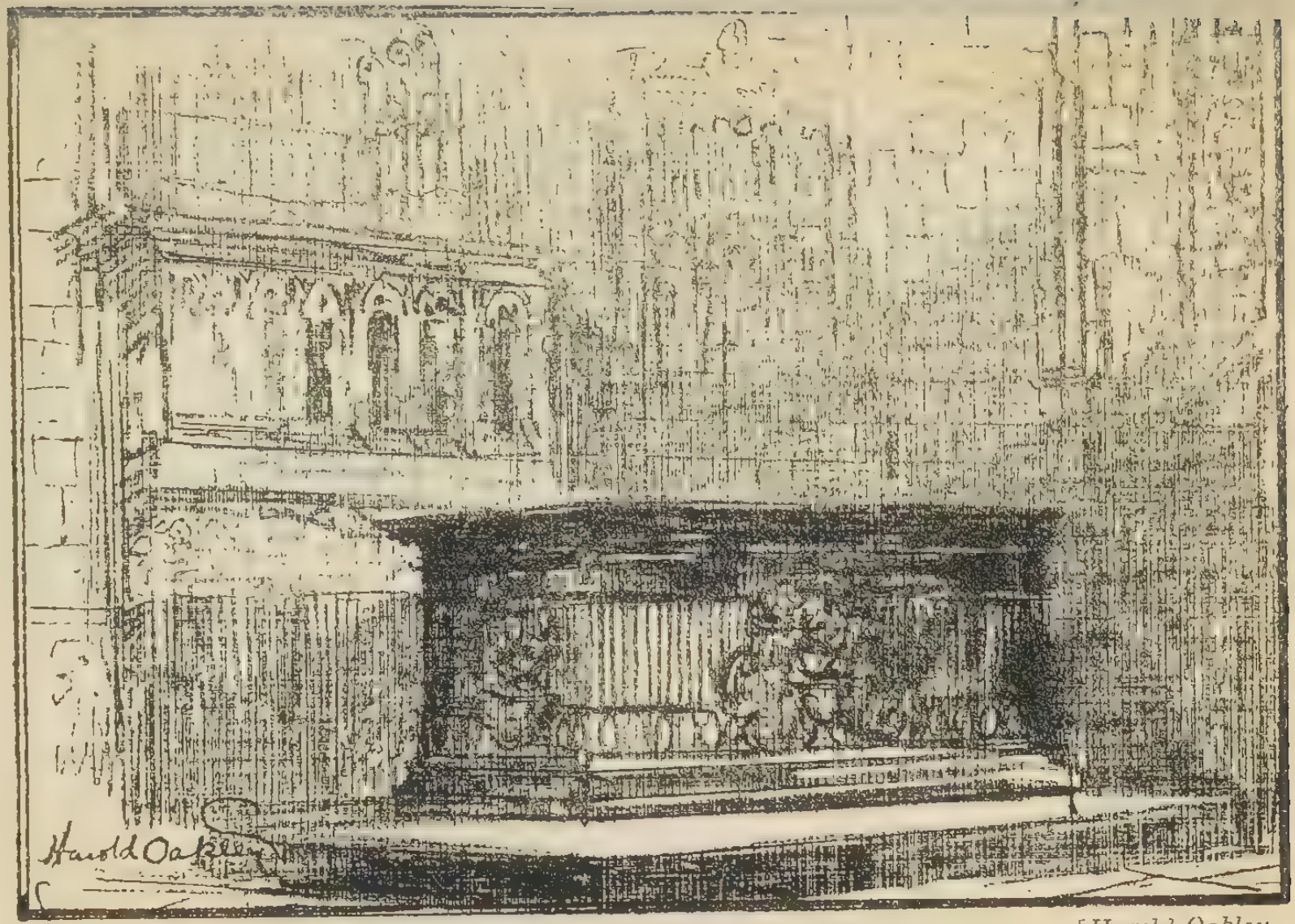
Sir Thomas Gresham

He served Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth in brilliant fashion. Under Elizabeth he helped to establish a pure coinage. He floated loans on advantageous terms in Antwerp, from where he secretly shipped home arms and munitions. It is all delightfully told in Froude's picturesque history. And Gresham finds time (in 1565) to establish a paper mill at Osterley, which, if not the first English mill, was certainly the second; to do a good deal of profitable trading, whereby he accumulated considerable wealth; to build a palace on the site of the present Gresham House, and to be Grand Master of Freemasons. He is best known, however, for building the Royal Exchange, a project of his father, that his son had the delight to carry out. The property was presented in equal halves to the City of London and the Mercers' Company under certain trusts to Gresham College, known to us to-day by the lectures (some of them fascinating) that we are privileged to attend. Gresham bequeathed his house for this purpose, where the Royal Society also made its first home. And in that famous building shelter was found for some of those who were rendered homeless by the Fire of London, from which Bishopsgate was saved. Gresham did not live to see the destruction of the Spanish Armada (he died in 1579), but he had helped England to prepare for it. Gresham! Gresham! we are standing where he lived: his monument is

on Holborn Viaduct, but his name is blazoned on the Empire and is reverenced in the great city that he loved and adorned.

Shall we now retrace our steps and visit the church where Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham worshipped and were buried? The history of Great St. Helen's, called the 'Westminster Abbey of the City,' on account of its large number of interesting monuments, begins in Saxon times, when a church was erected on the site. About the year 1200 a certain goldsmith, one William Fitzwilliam, here founded a priory of Benedictine nuns, dedicated to the Holy Cross and St. Helen, to which considerable additions were made in 1308 by William Basing, a London Sheriff. The priory stood to the north of the present church. It was all pulled down to make room for St. Helen's Place, but the remarkable hagioscope, with its traceried grille, can still be seen in the Nuns' Nave, and on the same wall an aumbry and a squint should be noted. The four western bays of the arcade of the present church were built about 1475, with funds provided by Sir John Crosby, and from time to time substantial amounts have been expended on the building, including a restoration under Sir John L. Pearson in 1891–3.

On entering, one is impressed with the richness of the windows. Among them are those in honour of Sir Thomas Gresham; of William Taylor Copeland, M.P., Lord Mayor 1835, whose name con-



Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

THE TOMB OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, ST. HELEN'S CHURCH

stantly is seen in Bishopsgate, for he was Alderman of the Ward for nearly forty years; of Samuel Wilson, Lord Mayor, 1839, a member of a distinguished family; and of Shakespeare. The window, with figures of those buried in the church, is of very great interest. We find the church to be a nave parted into two by the arcade, with a south transept containing a chantry chapel and two small chapels. The north nave is the Nuns' Aisle—steps to the cloister can be seen—the south nave was the parish church.

The chief interest of the place is in the monuments. Among them we find the fine Renaissance tomb, with canopy and effigies, of Sir John Spencer and his wife, of Crosby House, 1610, south of the parish nave; south of the chancel of Sir John Crosby and Anne, his wife, died 1475; north of the chancel, Sir William Pickering (1575), a distinguished linguist and diplomatist, who served Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth (he was involved in the Wyatt rebellion, but was pardoned, dying at his house in St. Mary Axe); Sir Andrew Judde, Lord Mayor, 1550, with a curious inscription on east wall of north nave (he was founder of Tonbridge School and of almshouses for freemen of the Skinners' Company, of which he was a member; a street at King's Cross bears his name); Alderman William Bond (1576), tablet on north wall of the Nuns' Nave, a sometime proprietor of Crosby Place, a great friend of

Gresham, Sheriff of London, but more famous as the father of Captain Martin Bond, the renowned merchant-adventurer and chief captain of the Trained Bands, who was at Tilbury at the time of the Spanish Armada—his wall monument, near that of his father's, is one of the most remarkable in the church; Alberico Gentili, D.C.L. (1608), tablet north wall, Italian refugee, Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford. The table tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham, covered with a fine slab of English marble, with beautiful work at the sides, is at the east of the Nuns' Nave, beside another table tomb with a curious epitaph in the form of a parchment deed in memory of Sir Julius Caesar (1636), Master of the Rolls to James I, who played a very important part in public affairs of all sorts.

And here also were buried the wife and the daughter of Sir John Lawrence, who lived at No. 8 Great St. Helen's, and was Lord Mayor at the time of the Great Plague. He stuck to his post, enforcing wise regulations and supported great crowds of discharged servants. The vault of Francis Bancroft, built by himself in 1726, and containing his embalmed body, was at one time open to inspection. Bancroft left all his money to almshouses and to the Drapers' Company. The fine school bearing Bancroft's name at Woodford, Essex, administered by the Company, is the result. A mural label commemorates Dr. Cox, vicar for

thirty-eight years, Grand Chaplain of Freemasons for nine years, and the historian of the building. There is a beautiful war memorial.

In 1874 the church of St. Martin Outwich was pulled down, and the parishes being united, eighteen monuments and brasses were brought to St. Helen's, among them that of Sir John Oteswich and his Lady, now in the Nuns' Nave.

In the choir are the original stalls of the nuns, perhaps the oldest carving in the City. The pulpit (1620) and the fine interior screen porches are by Inigo Jones. The paving tiles of the choir, the sword-rest of Sir John Lawrence, some brasses, and many details on the walls all claim attention.

Many Americans visit the church. Some of them come in search of monuments of ancestors, and sometimes they leave gifts. The Shakespeare window, north nave, was the gift of the American, Mr. Prentice.

Returning to Bishopsgate, on the opposite side is the fine new Hambros Bank. It is in classic style, with perhaps a Flemish suggestion or two, and giving us the charming variety of red brick and stone, is altogether very pleasing. Next door we find Palmerston House (the City liked Palmerston), where are the City offices of the great Cunard Company, so celebrated throughout the world. Who that has had the delight of a voyage in the *Mauretania* does not think of it with enthusiasm and gratitude! The Cunard is a great asset of the

Empire, and its history is characteristic of this wonderful street.

On the site of Palmerston House stood the 'Bull Inn' (tablet), where Shakespeare's friend, Burbage, played as an actor. Here also Old Hobson (of Hobson's Choice), Cambridge University carrier, put up. Another famous inn, the 'Four Swans,' stood on the site where we now find the Sumitomo Bank.

St. Helen Place, to the right, is largely all being rebuilt. Here we meet, at the bottom to the left, with one of the City Companies—the Leather-sellers—only just missing inclusion in the 'great' group. They once occupied the refectory of St. Helen's Priory as their hall, but this was pulled down in 1799 and their present building, to which they are still adding, is among the oldest on our ramble.

Retracing our steps, at No. 77 Bishopsgate is Peahen Court, a narrow passage between high walls. Is the name reminiscent of a garden or small farm?

Please cross the street again to the church of St. Ethelburga, dedicated to the daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent. The entrance is curious —under the penthouse building above. The chancel screen and rood loft are modern; the chief interest now is in the wonderful historic note. Here John Hudson and many of his crew came to receive the Holy Sacrament before

they left England in 1610. And Hudson died in 1611.

In a few steps we reach the site of the gate that gives its name to the street. At this point we have a cross road, Wormwood Street on the west and Camomile Street on the east, both names, one must think, denoting waste ground just inside the City Wall, which stood on the north side. There is a tablet with a mitre on the west wall of the Midland Bank, telling us the old gate stood adjoining this spot. It was built by St. Erconwald, Bishop of London (675), the son of King Offa, and was repaired by Bishop William (1051). In 1479 it was rebuilt, again in 1733, and in 1760 was destroyed altogether. Until recent years the street was divided at the gate. All to the south was Bishopsgate Street Within, and all to the north was Bishopsgate Street Without. The 'withouts' felt hurt. It is now all Bishopsgate.

Just look into Wormwood Street. There are many buildings that are more than a hundred years old, but I think none of historic interest. I should like you to go the length of Camomile Street. At the corner, where it joins St. Mary Axe, they are erecting a great building. How quickly the face of London changes. On that very site stood a small but most graceful building, built less than fifty years ago, which at that time was quite one of the most beautiful in the City. It has now gone.

Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

BISHOPSGATE LOOKING SOUTH
(Hambros Bank on the right)

Bishopsgate Within and Without

If we return to Bishopsgate by Houndsditch, we shall be walking over the site of a ditch just outside the old walls. It was filled up and made into gardens and sites for large houses. To-day Houndsditch is a centre of the toy and fancy trades. Back once more in Bishopsgate Street, we will now cross the road and visit the church of St. Botolph—the church of the richest living in London City, dedicated to a Saxon saint, who died A.D. 655. The present building, succeeding one which served a wealthy neighbourhood, was built in 1725–8, probably from designs of James Gold. Its date tells its architectural story, but it is an excellent specimen, with a commanding tower at the east end, under which the chancel is quite happily placed. There is on the north gallery staircase a mural tablet to Sir Paul Pindar, Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor, whereon we may read something of the knight's story.

The quite excellent war memorials in the church to parishioners and to the Honourable Artillery Company should be noticed. Great interest will be felt in the registers, which go back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. Here we find the baptism of Edward Alleyn, the player, of Dulwich College, who was born in 1566; the burial (1600) of an infant son of Ben Jonson; the marriage, in 1609, of Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll, to Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis; the burial (1623) of Stephen Gosson, rector of the parish and

the author, among other things, of the *School of Abuse*, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, possibly provoking Sidney's *Apology for Poetry* (1628); William, Earl of Devonshire, from whom Devonshire Square derives its name; and (1691) John Riley, portrait painter to Charles II, James II, and William and Mary. John Keats was baptized in the present building, October 31, 1795. Among the rectors have been: (1820) Charles James Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London; (1852) Thomas Hugo, the historian; (1863) William Rogers (Hang-theology-Rogers), a medallion of whom is seen on the walls and whose portrait hangs in the Guildhall Art Gallery. Readers of modern fiction may be reminded that it is in this church that Mrs. Barclay places the wedding of David Rivers and Diana in her story, *The Following of the Star*.

We must go to the churchyard, where we see a memorial cross (1916) to Lord Kitchener, members of the Honourable Artillery Company, and John Cornwall, the boy-hero of the Battle of Jutland. If the weather is genial, we may sit awhile by the fountain and muse on the local history. Let us remember that the first Artillery Ground was in Teasel Close (now Artillery Lane, which we shall pass on the opposite side of Bishopsgate). This was the practice ground of the Tower gunners, and where the City Trained Bands were established in 1585, when the Spanish Armada was expected.

The Trained Bands removed to Finsbury in 1642, and the distinguished Honourable Artillery Company are the successors of this old City force. On the front of the infant school note the eighteenth-century figures of a boy and girl in quaint costume. Near here is the tomb of William Rawlins, Sheriff in 1801, who was an upholsterer and had, as apprentice the father of Charles Dibdin, the composer of *Tom Bowling*.

Opposite Liverpool Street (named from the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool) is Devonshire Street, approaching Devonshire Square, a quaint old square still containing some nice old houses with good doorways. Here was the site of a fine house built by a clerk in Chancery, one Jasper Fisher, who was unable to maintain it, and the place, called Fisher's Folly, was taken by the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth, and one of the haughtiest and most overbearing of her nobles and also one of the judges of Mary Stuart. Froude speaks of him as 'Burghley's ill-conditioned son-in-law.' Anyhow he fitted out, at his own cost, ships that fought the Armada, and was he not in the fight himself? Then the house came into the Cavendish family, and towards the end of the seventeenth century, Robert Murray (who originated the idea of the penny post) established himself there with a Bank of Credit. The place keeps its name, Devonshire House, and in part of it, at the time of writing

being destroyed, the Society of Friends founded their home. Here they preserved documents relating to William Penn and the foundation of Pennsylvania. In Liverpool Street, and also fronting Bishopsgate, is one of the largest railway stations in the world, anything but beautiful, but recalling a most heroic struggle in the railway world, which struggle conferred an inestimable blessing upon London. On the site of the station once stood the first Bethlem Hospital, or 'Bedlam,' which was later removed to Moorfields.

When the Great Eastern Railway were clearing the ground, they pulled down a fine Elizabethan house, the home of Sir Paul Pindar, which stood opposite Middlesex Street, a turning on the right formerly known as Petticoat Lane and a busy market on Sunday morning. The front of the house is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sir Paul Pindar was one of the wealthiest merchants of his time and one of the best of men, a magnificent contributor to the fund for the restoration of Old St. Paul's. He served Queen Elizabeth, and by James I was appointed Ambassador to Turkey, from where he brought home a diamond, valued in those days at £30,000, which was ultimately purchased by Charles I. Where is it now? I wonder. Sir Paul Pindar, who actively supported the cause of the King, to his own impoverishment, died in 1650, when he was 84.

Bishopsgate Institute is seen at No. 230. The

foundation stone of the present excellent range c buildings was laid in 1893, by the Rev. Williar Rogers, the Earl of Rosebery giving an addres Here we find a large collection of paintings an engravings of Old London and London literature a fine library of over 50,000 volumes of genera literature, with a very complete set of commercia directories of the world. It is also a well-know centre for lectures and concerts.

At No. 256 we find Bishopsgate Chapel, built i 1837, the foundation stone being laid by Joh Williams, the Martyr. Its history is older and goe back to 1700, when William III was king. Of it ministers, the best remembered is, perhaps, th Rev. Edward Mannering, 'the Good' as he wa called, an intimate friend of Dr. T. Burney. Thi closes our walk down Bishopsgate, but it is wortl while to stroll through New Street, Middlese Street, Widegate Street, Spital Square, and all th numerous alleys and courts around. There ar plenty of houses between one and two hundre years old, but none, I am thinking, of histori interest.

No. 20

THE SQUARES OF BLOOMSBURY

BY

W. G. MORRIS

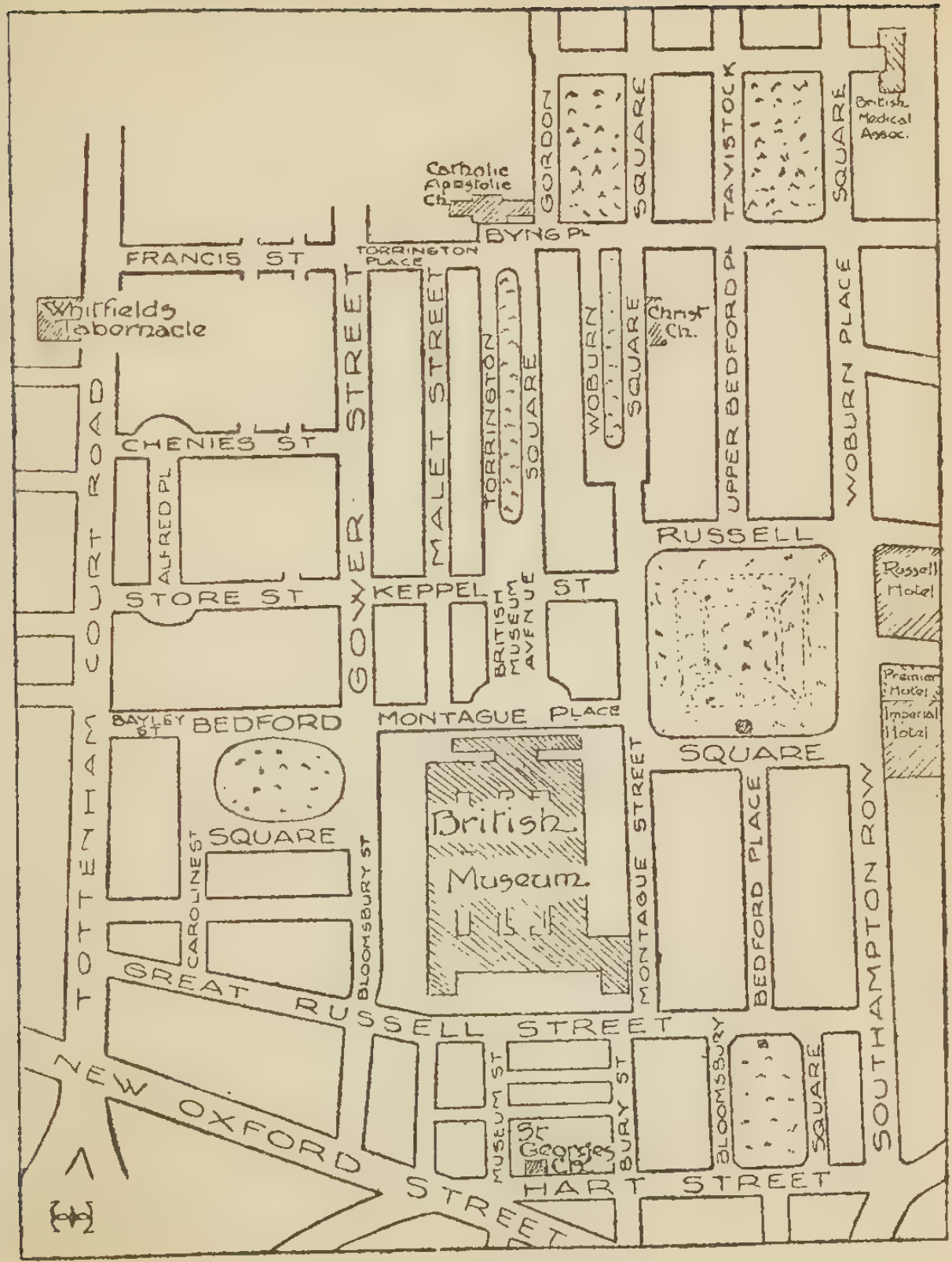
> For me, for me, these old retreats
> Amid the whirl of London streets!
> My eye is pleased with all it meets
> In Bloomsbury.
>
> WILFRED WHITTEN.

WHEN Ralph Agas drew his map of London in 1591 he showed the area we know as Bloomsbury as an expanse of fields and open ground on which stood only one building —Southampton House. Within the next thirty-two years 136 dwelling-houses were erected but it was not until the early eighteenth century that building really commenced. Now the whole of the area is covered with a series of formally planned streets and squares. As soon as it was laid out the quarter became popular, and it has memories of many of the most illustrious names of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. To-day it contains more private hotels than any other part of London, and many of the houses originally associated with famous men and women are now boarding-houses, and open their doors to visitors and others who desire a temporary home.

The name of Bloomsbury is derived from a

William Blemund, who was Lord of the Manor at the time of Henry III. After passing through several hands it came into the possession of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare. It passed in due time to his granddaughter, Lady Rachel, who by her marriage with the celebrated William, Lord Russell, brought it into the Bedford family, who have supplied much of the nomenclature of the district.

We will commence our perambulation of its streets at the south-west corner—where Tottenham Court Road joins Oxford Street. Walking along Tottenham Court Road we see ahead of us the huge building which houses the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. This was erected in 1910 and contains residential accommodation for about 250 young men. There are two large halls in the building, a gymnasium, baths, a restaurant, and other facilities for the splendid work the Association is doing for the young Londoner. Turn into Great Russell Street and walk along the front of the building until we see Caroline Street on the left. Mrs. Barbauld, friend of Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, and Sir Walter Scott (see Ramble 16), occupied No. 8 in 1787. She is still remembered by *Evenings at Home*, which she wrote in collaboration with her brother, Dr. Aitkin. In the same year John Kemble brought his bride to No. 12, and it was here that his library of the drama increased to such an extent that he was obliged to


GORDON SQUARE
TAVISTOCK SQUARE
British Medical Assoc.
Catholic Apostolic Ch.
BYNG PL
FRANCIS ST
TORRINGTON PLACE
Wesleyfields Tabernacle
GOWER STREET
MALET STREET
TORRINGTON SQUARE
WOBURN SQUARE
Christ Ch.
UPPER BEDFORD PL
WOBURN PLACE
CHENIES ST
ALFRED PL
COURT ROAD
TOTTENHAM
STORE ST
KEPPEL ST
BRITISH MUSEUM AVENUE
RUSSELL SQUARE
Russell Hotel
Premier Hotel
Imperial Hotel
BAYLEY ST
BEDFORD PLACE
MONTAGUE PLACE
SQUARE
British Museum
MONTAGUE STREET
SOUTHAMPTON ROW
CAROLINE ST
BLOOMSBURY ST
GREAT RUSSELL STREET
NEW OXFORD STREET
MUSEUM ST
St Georges Ch.
BURY ST
BLOOMSBURY SQUARE
HART STREET

have the room enlarged in order to contain it The house, together with all its contemporaries in the street, have gone, and in their place stands the Y.M.C.A. building and a block of modern flats. This short street will, however, lead us into one of the most delightful of the squares of Bloomsbury, for Bedford Square is one of the least altered of any of them, and still retains much of its original appearance. The south side presents a particularly fine façade. As we walk along the front of the houses we pass No. 44, the home of Lord Oxford and Asquith, and at No. 51, the French Consulate. Facing us at the corner of the east side is a very fine Adam's house (No. 1) built by the brothers in 1770 for Sir Lionel Lyde, the lawyer. Some of the original mantelpieces still remain, and some of the ceiling paintings are attributed to Angelica Kauffmann. Other occupants have been George Gosling, the banker, Dr. Jabez Hogg (1817–99), and, to come to modern days, Mr. Weedon Grossmith. The centre of the east side of the square is occupied by Nos. 6 and 6a, originally one house, which was the home of two Lord Chancellors, Lord Loughborough, who occupied it from 1787–96, and afterwards by his successor in office, Lord Eldon, who came here to live in 1804. A story is told in *London Past and Present* of the successful intrusion of the Prince Regent upon the bedside of Lord Eldon, who was suffering from gout, in order to ask for the appointment of Joseph

Jekyll, the wit, as a Master in Chancery. On Eldon's refusal the Prince threw himself back in a chair, exclaiming, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon, she will never see you again, for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' The Prince had his desire granted. By his support of the Corn Bill, Eldon had made himself very unpopular with the people, and during a riot in March, 1815, the mob, after an unsuccessful attempt to get into the Houses of Parliament, stormed his house threatening to hang him. The Lord Chancellor and his wife made their escape through the back of the house into the gardens of the British Museum. A guard of soldiers consisting of four men and a corporal were sent from the Museum to quell the mob and by deceiving them into thinking that a large military force had arrived the corporal dispersed the crowd. The Lord Chancellor promised to reward the soldier for his strategy, but was unable to do so as a few weeks later the corporal fell at Waterloo.

Passing round the square we see on No. 11 a tablet recording the residence of Henry Cavendish, the natural philosopher and early experimenter in electricity. Across the road, at No. 12, Sir George Smart, the organist and composer, died in 1867. He produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* for the first time in England. Continuing our walk we pass No. 18, now the Consulate of Czecho-Slovakia, and No. 25, where Adelaide Proctor was born in 1825.

It was the home of her grandfather, Basil Montague, the friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Montague and his son-in-law, B. W. Proctor, better known by his *nom-de-plume,* Barry Cornwall, had a wide circle of friends and frequently entertained at this house a gathering described by Carlyle as ' a most singular social and spiritual menagerie.' Bedford Square was in its early days much favoured by lawyers, and a goodly number of the houses have sheltered, at one time or another, eminent members of the profession. It still retains its charm and in recent years has had its share of notable residents, among others being Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Anthony Hope, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Walking through Bayley Street, where Isambard Brunel, the engineer, lived, we find ourselves back in Tottenham Court Road. A short distance along the road to the right, passing Store Street and Chenies Street, we arrive on the left at Whitefield's Tabernacle, which stands on the site of the chapel erected for George Whitefield in 1756. The vestry and the Craven Hall contain interesting portraits of the founder and also the old pulpit. Augustus Toplady, author of *Rock of Ages,* J. M. Bacon, R.A., the sculptor, and Mrs. Whitefield were buried in the chapel, and the memorials of them can be seen on application. The Tabernacle plays a part in Thackeray's *The Virginians* at a tender moment in the story of Theo and George Warrington.

Gower Street

Cross the road and retracing our steps we turn into Chenies Street, for a short time the home of Madam D'Arblay (see Ramble 14). The street takes its name from the Buckinghamshire village where, since 1556, the Russell family have been buried. Notice the memorial to the 1,193 men of The Rangers (12th County of London Regiment) who fell in the Great War. The crescent in which this stands, together with Alfred Place, facing it, and the corresponding crescent at the other end of the road, were first laid out by George Dance, junior, architect of the Guildhall. Two men of letters have found a home in Alfred Place. Thomas Campbell, the poet, was in lodgings here in 1837. We remember Campbell chiefly for his patriotic lyrics, *Hohenlinden* and *Ye Mariners of England.* The other literary resident was Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862), the Irish dramatist who, after writing and producing several successful plays, gave up the stage to enter the Baptist ministry. Passing the Jewish Synagogue on the left in Alfred Place, we turn to the left into Store Street, and after crossing Ridgmont Street we turn again to the left and find ourselves in Gower Street. Just opposite is the site chosen for the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, and a short distance away is No. 62–64, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, founded by Sir Herbert Tree. Gower Street is a long and somewhat dreary street, and it is rather surprising to learn that it was once famous for its

fine fruit. Lord Eldon, who lived for thirteen years at No. 42 (now demolished), just previous to going to Bedford Square, had a garden here 'with excellent vegetables and even peaches.' Colonel Sutherland grew and ripened grapes at No. 33, and William Bentham, the topographical collector, 'had nearly twenty-five dozen . . . delicious nectarines' from his three trees in Upper Gower Street. Mrs. Siddons had a house here, and in writing of it she said, 'the back of it is most effectually in the country and delightfully pleasant.' Since Mrs. Siddons's time the countryside has receded, but on a clear day it is possible to catch a delightful glimpse of the heights of Hampstead. Walking northwards, we pass on the left No. 69, where William de Morgan, artist, potter, and novelist, was born in 1839. Sir John Millais was living in 1848 at his father's home at No. 87, at the corner of Francis Street, and while here he painted what Ruskin pronounced as his best work. Holman Hunt was a frequent visitor to the house and it was at this period the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was founded. George Dance the younger (1741–1825), Jack Bannister, the comic actor (1760–1836), and Francis Douce, the antiquary (1757–1834), all died in Gower Street houses.

On reaching Torrington Place, turn to the right and a short walk will bring us into Torrington Square. Here turn to the right. The Square was laid out in 1800 on ground which had been known

as Long Fields. John Aubrey (1626–97) tells of twenty-three girls who came here at midnight on St. John the Baptist's Day in 1694, to look for a coal beneath the root of a plantain so that the finder after placing it under her pillow should dream of her future husband. Before the houses were built many people were attracted here by a tradition from which came the name of the Field of the Forty Footsteps. The story is that about the time of Monmouth's Rebellion two brothers fought for the hand of a lady who sat on a bank watching the duel, which proved fatal to both men. Ever after the footprints of the men were discernable as grass would not grow on the ground on which they had stepped. T. J. Smith, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, says that this was quite true, but the reason was that the footprints were so frequently trodden over by curious sightseers that it was impossible for grass to grow. The Square has not only its legends, but it has also had its notable residents. The antiquary, Sir Nicholas Nicolas (1799–1848) who, after service in the Navy, produced a number of important books including *The Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*, lived at No. 55. Ten doors away, at No. 65, lived Sir John Coleridge. He was a nephew of the poet, and at the age of thirty-five published an edition of *Blackstone's Commentaries*. Returning along the east side of the Square we pass No. 3, where Charles Kean came to live in 1853. He was

the second son of Edmund and followed the profession of his father. During his residence here he produced Shakespeare's plays with elaborate stage effects at Princess' Theatre. There is a tablet on No. 30 recording the residence and death in 1894 of Christina Rossetti. Turning to the right in Gordon Square we come to Woburn Square, another oblong, so called from the Bedfordshire home of the Russell family, which seems to have but little to interest us apart from Christ Church on the east side of the square. The paintings on the reredos are the work of Burne Jones and were done by him in memory of Christina Rossetti. After leaving the church and returning to Byng Place we see facing us the imposing Catholic Apostolic Church. This fine Gothic building, by R. Brandon and Ritchie, was commenced in 1854 (the tower is yet to be completed) for the sect sometimes known as Irvingites, after their founder, Rev. Edward Irving (1792–1834). The son of a Scottish tanner, he came to London in 1822 to take the ministry of Hatton Garden Church. He afterwards went to Regent Square, where he became famous for his preaching. He was deprived of his living in 1833 owing to his heretical views. The greater part of his congregation followed him, and the new church was formed.

If we walk northwards up Gordon Square we pass the Unitarian University Hall and the Dr. Williams Library, which consists of about

40,000 volumes chiefly on historical and theological subjects. Arriving at the corner of Gordon Square turn to the right and walk straight past the Greek Consulate, along the north side of Tavistock Square, cross the road, and at the end of the cul-de-sac is the building of the British Medical Association. Tavistock House stood on this ground and is well known to all lovers of Charles Dickens, for it was his home for ten years prior to going to Gads Hill. In this house he wrote *Little Dorrit, Hard Times, A Tale of Two Cities,* and *Bleak House,* and in the garden was the iittle theatre where the well-known amateur performances were given. Dickens, who on the play-bills described himself as Mr. Crummles, was assisted in the plays by Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Wilkie Collins, and Clarkson Stanfield, and the performances were attended by many of his large circle of friends, including Landseer, Thackeray, Lord Lytton, and Carlyle. Another visitor here was Hans Andersen, who came to see Dickens, and the house has sheltered yet another master, for Charles Gounod stayed here for a time with some friends who succeeded Dickens as tenants.

We will return to Tavistock Square and after a short walk along the east and south sides of the square turn to the left into Upper Bedford Place, which will lead us into Russell Square. This is the second largest square in London, the largest being Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was laid out

about 1804 and, like Bedford Square, became very popular with lawyers and many well-known names are among the residents at one time or another. On entering the Square turn to the right and the first house to notice is No. 21 marked by a bronze plaque. Sir Samuel Romily was living here in 1818 when, worn out and mentally unbalanced, he took his own life. He had done a great work for prison reform and for the mitigation of the harsh criminal punishments of his day. Retracing our steps we see a short distance away, No. 13, the house which Sir George Williams made his home for many years. Sir George was the founder of the Y.M.C.A., and the Association still have possession of the building and use it for the training of their secretaries. We are now on the east side of the square, which has been entirely rebuilt, practically the whole of the side being taken up by the three hotels, the Russell, the Premier, and the Imperial. When the square was laid out Bolton House stood on the south corner of Guilford Street (the Premier Hotel occupies the ground to-day) and it was left standing and incorporated into the scheme. The building was originally named Baltimore House, after the eccentric and profligate Lord Baltimore, for whom it was built in 1763. John Timbs, in his *Romance of London*, relates the story of Baltimore's trial on a charge of decoying Sarah Woodcock, a young Quaker girl, to the house.

Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

MONTAGUE PLACE LOOKING EAST

(North Façade of the British Museum on the right)

The name was changed when the Duke of Bolton took possession and as recorded by the plaque on the wall Lord Chancellor Loughborough lived here. He here entertained George III and his Queen on the occasion of a visit they paid to the Foundling Hospital which is a short distance along Guilford Street. Later it was made into two houses in one of which (No. 67) lived Sir Vicary Gibbs (1751–1820), who assisted Erskine in the defence of Horne Tooke; again it was the home of Sir Thomas Talfourd, the lawyer and author. There is another bronze plaque on the adjoining hotel—the Imperial—commemorating the residence in the house which stood here until 1910 of Sir Thomas Laurence, President of the Royal Academy. In this house, then No. 65, Sir Thomas died after occupying it for twenty-five years, a period when he did most of his best work. *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1818 records that when Laurence was painting a portrait of the Russian general, Platoff, his Cossacks, mounted on their small white horses, and with their long spears grounded, stood sentinel at the doorway of this house. Three doors away, at No. 62, William Cowper the poet lived, when he was a schoolboy at Westminster. Now turn to the right and along the south side of the square where, at No. 56, Mary Mitford was living in 1836. Miss Mitford writes from this house of a dinner party, 'Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Landor, and Mr. White dined here. I like Mr. Wordsworth—Mr. Landor

is a very striking-looking person and exceedingly clever. Also we had Mr. Browning, a young poet, and Mr. Proctor and Mr. Morley, and quantities more of the poets.'

The statue on the right is of Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, and is the work of Westmacott. As you pass round the centre of the square you may see some of the lively grey squirrels who have made their homes here, and if you happen to be able to find a few nuts they will be delighted to take them from your hand.

Follow round the square until you reach Keppel Street, where on the corner of No. 30 is the Institute of Chemistry. Henry Crabb Robinson, the diarist (1775–1867), lived in a house which formerly stood here. After acting as war correspondent for *The Times* and for a period at the Bar, Robinson retired ; he had a genius for friendship, going everywhere and knowing every one worth knowing. Before leaving the square we must not forget that John Sedley, of *Vanity Fair*, had a house here, and after the death of George Osborn at Waterloo, his son was brought up in the grandfather's house in Russell Square.

After turning into Keppel Street notice the seated statue over the doorway on the right of Joseph Priestly, ' the father of modern chemistry.' In 1817 John Constable lived at No. 1 (now demolished). The previous year he had married Mary Bicknell, and he was at this time supporting

himself by portrait painting, for his genius as a landscape painter was not recognized until his famous picture *The Hay Wain* was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1821. Take the first turning to the left and walk past the tank towards the north façade of the British Museum.

In the opening years of the eighteenth century, when this was open fields, it was an accustomed duelling-place and many encounters took place here. Thackeray drew the scene as an illustration to *The Virginians*. 'Rainy Day' Smith knew the district well, especially during the years he was keeper of prints at the British Museum. In 1777 he went on a sketching excursion to old St. Pancras churchyard and the space, he says, between there and the British Museum was open ground, the only buildings that met the eye being Whitefield's Chapel and Baltimore House.

Follow the road to the left round the Museum into Montague Place, then turn to the right into Montague Street. A few steps at the bottom to the left will bring us into Bloomsbury Square, one of the oldest of London's squares. Walk past the statue of Charles James Fox garbed like a Roman senator (Westmacott) and turn along the east side. The square was originally made about 1665 (a year before the Great Fire), and shortly after the conflagration a notice appeared in the *London Gazette* that advertisements relating to property lost or found during the Fire would be accepted at

a building on the east side. It was first known as Southampton Square, from the builder, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, whose house occupied the north side, where he was visited in 1665 by Evelyn. Later the building passed into the Bedford family and was called Bedford House until it was demolished in 1800. It is interesting to note the mews for the royal hawks with stables once stood here. The whole was destroyed by fire in 1537 and the new Mews were erected at Charing Cross.

The square has memories of many associations with famous men. We have mentioned John Evelyn, and Pepys refers to the making of the square as 'a very great and noble work.' One of its earliest residents was Colley Cibber, comedian and laureate, who was born here in 1671. The great Nonconformist divine, Richard Baxter, was living here when his wife died in 1681. He was at this period suffering at the hands of Judge Jeffreys and was arrested the following year. Another man of letters who found shelter during adversity in Bloomsbury Square was Sir Richard Steele, who came here in 1712, when he found it impossible to find the rent for his house in Jermyn Street. He once gave a dinner party when he induced the bailiffs who were in the house to act as servants. Sir Hans Sloane occupied a house here which was crowded with the contents of his museum, and it was this collection that led to the

founding of the British Museum. The new building on the east side covers the site of Lord Mansfield's house. During the Gordon Riots the mob attacked the building, Lord and Lady Mansfield fled by the back way, and the rioters entirely destroyed the contents of the mansion. The irreplaceable library, containing what Dickens called 'the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world,' was thrown into a bonfire in the square. You may read all about the destruction of the house in Chapter LXII of *Barnaby Rudge*, and in Chapter LXXVII is an account of the hanging of two of the rioters in the Square.

Lord Mansfield was the judge at the trial of Lord George Gordon, but his reputation of impartiality was such that no objection was made by Gordon's friends to his hearing the case.

A tablet on No. 45, corner of Southampton Street, records the residence of Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, the friend of Cotton and Dryden, also of his son and grandson, the third and fourth earls. The latter was the Earl of Chesterfield to whom Dr. Johnson addressed the prospectus of his Dictionary, and the author of the famous *Letters*. Dickens sketches him in *Barnaby Rudge* under the name of Sir John Chester.

The square has had for residents at least two physicians whose names are not forgotten to-day. Mark Akenside was practising here about 1750.

A dull poet, he is remembered for *The Pleasures of Imagination*. At No. 5 on the south-west corner lived Dr. Radcliffe, the fashionable physician of the day, who numbered among his patients William III and Queen Mary. Oxford has reason to have grateful remembrance of him, for at his death he bequeathed to the University his fine library, together with a handsome legacy. Next door (No. 6) is a tablet recording the residence of Isaac Disraeli in 1818–29. The later volumes of his *Curiosities of Literature* were written here and the boyhood years of his illustrious son Benjamin were spent in this house, for the future Lord Beaconsfield was about fourteen when the family came here to live. They had previously lived at No. 22 Theobalds Road (see Ramble No. 22), where Benjamin was born.

At the south-west corner of the square we turn into Hart Street, where, beyond the Kingsley Hotel, on the right, stands the church of St. George. The rapid increase of the district, early in the eighteenth century, necessitated the creation of a new parish, which was taken from that of St. Giles, and Nicholas Hawksmoor was commissioned to build the new church. Hawksmoor, who was a pupil of Wren and had worked under him in the building of St. Paul's, designed a fine portico and tower, but was much criticized for the steeple crowned with a statue of George I, given by William Hucks, a rich brewer. Walpole pronounced it as a ' master-

stroke of absurdity,' and a contemporary epigram hanging in the church runs :

The King of Great Britain was reckoned before
The head of the church by all Protestant people.
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more
For with them he now is the head of the steeple.

The church stands north and south and has a good contemporary pulpit and carved baldachin over the altar. A few steps farther is Museum Street, which leads us to the British Museum. At the corner is the famous Mudie's Library. It was founded in 1840 in Upper King Street (now Southampton Row), and in twelve years had outgrown the premises when the library was moved to the present site. As we walk northward along Museum Street we see in front of us the dignified façade of the British Museum. For nearly 150 years Montague House occupied this ground. It was built in 1678 for Ralph Montague, Master of the Wardrobe of Charles II.

In the following year Evelyn visited it and, according to his diary, ' it was nobly furnished and a fine but too much exposed garden.' A fire in 1686 left the house in ruins and destroyed the fine collection of pictures and other art treasures. The mansion was rebuilt, and in 1753 was purchased by the Government to house the British Museum. It is particularly appropriate that Bloomsbury should contain the British Museum, for its foundation and the nucleus of the collection are due to a Blooms-

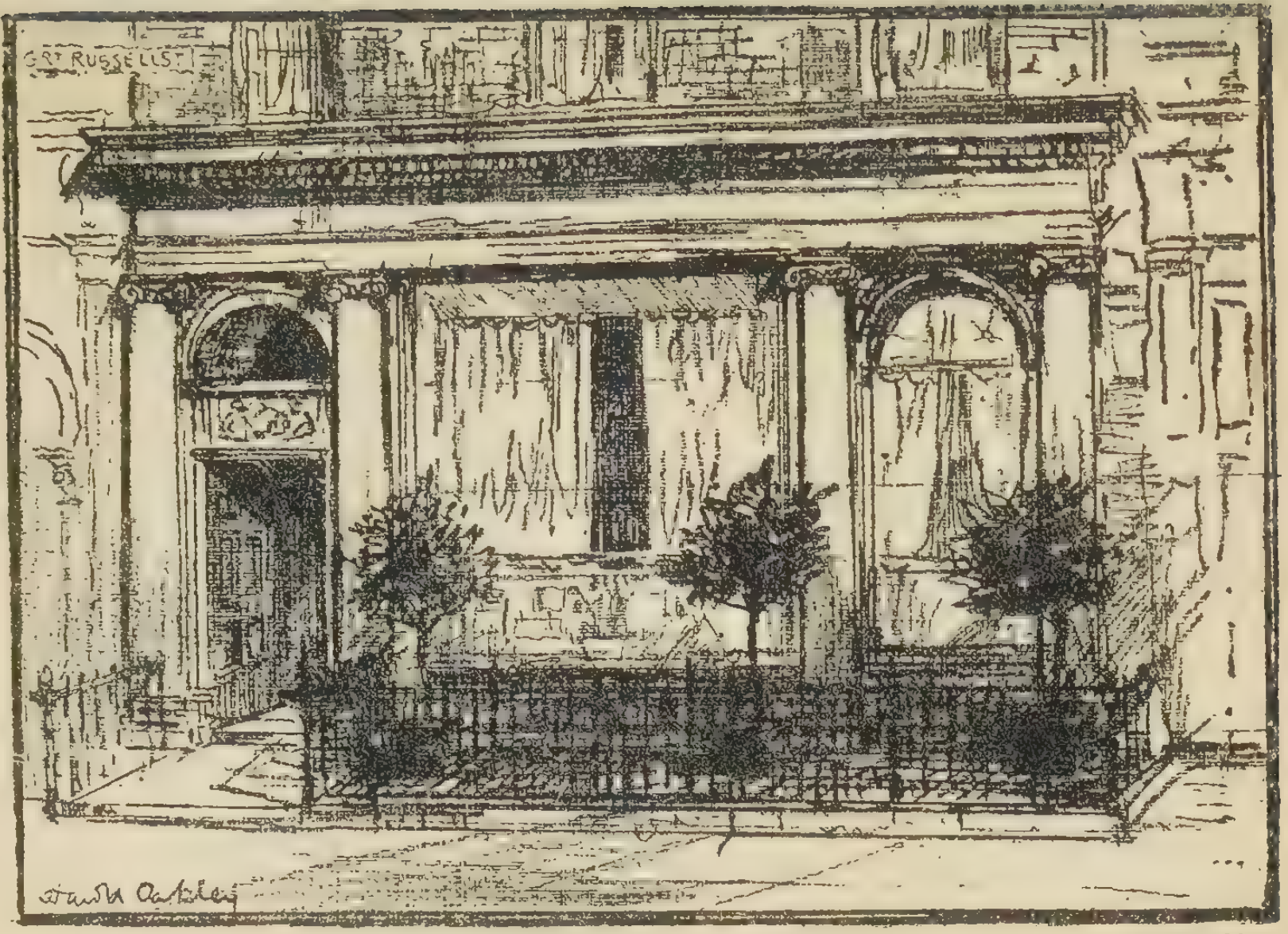
bury resident. When Sir Hans Sloane died, he left his magnificent collection to the nation on the condition that the Government paid £20,000 to his family. The sum was raised by lottery, and at the same time the Harleian collection was obtained. These, together with the Cotton Collection, were housed in Montague House.

The Museum speedily grew, and many important additions were made to its contents, including the Hamilton collection of Greek vases (1772), the Bracherode prints, books, and coins (1799), and after the Egyptian campaign the collection was swelled by many Egyptian Antiquities. Then in 1805 came the Townley Marbles, in 1815 the Phigalian Marbles, and in the following year the Elgin Marbles were acquired.

In 1823 George IV presented the collection known as the King's Library, which consisted of over 10,000 volumes, the result of the collections of the English kings since Henry VII. It was then decided to demolish Montague House and to erect a more suitable building to hold the treasures, and in 1823 Sir Robert Smirke was commissioned to undertake the work. The south front was finished by 1852 and since then many important additions have been made, including the reading-room (1857) and the handsome Edward VII Galleries, which were opened in 1914. To-day the British Museum possesses a collection which is unrivalled throughout the world. A good way of seeing the Museum

is to join the tours which are taken daily and are free to the public. These tours are conducted by expert guide lecturers who are able to show and explain the exhibits in a way not possible in any book. Sir Sidney Colvin occupied rooms in the right wing of the Museum as we face it, and here he was often visited by R. L. Stevenson. We will now walk to the east along Great Russell Street, which was built about 1670. Strype, writing in 1720, describes it as 'a very handsome large and well-built street with the best buildings in all Bloomsbury and the best inhabited by the nobility and gentry, especially the north side.'

Sir Christopher Wren built himself a house here which, after his death, his son occupied and later his grandson, who was followed by John Sheldon, the anatomist. Arthur Onslow, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1728–61, died in a house in this street. John Kemble, the great actor, lived for a time in 1768 at No. 89 Great Russell Street, this was demolished to make room for extensions to the Museum, as was No. 90, where Shelley had stayed for a period. Other unidentified houses in the street have had for occupants John Le Neve (1679–1741), the antiquary, and Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who fought at St. Vincent, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted portraits of most of the distinguished people of his day including no fewer than ten reigning sovereigns. A plaque on No. 99 marks this house as the one-



Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

A GEORGIAN SHOP FRONT. NO. 91 GREAT RUSSELL STREET

time residence of Topham and Lady Beauclerk. Beauclerk was a great friend of Dr. Johnson, and with him was one of the original members of the Literary Club. He figures in the pages of Boswell, and after his death Dr. Johnson, writing to Boswell, says, ' Poor dear Beauclerk—His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among men.' Another tablet on No. 106 commemorates the residence of the two Pugins, Augustus Charles, the father, to whom we are largely indebted for the revival of Gothic Architecture, and Augustus Welby, his son, who followed his father in his services as a Gothic architect. Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was living in this street in 1808.

If we continue to the end of Great Russell Street, passing again the Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., and then turn to the left, we are back at the end of Tottenham Court Road from where we commenced our ramble.

No. 21

WITH CHARLES DICKENS IN THE BOROUGH

BY

W. KENT

'He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.'—WALTER BAGEHOT on Dickens.

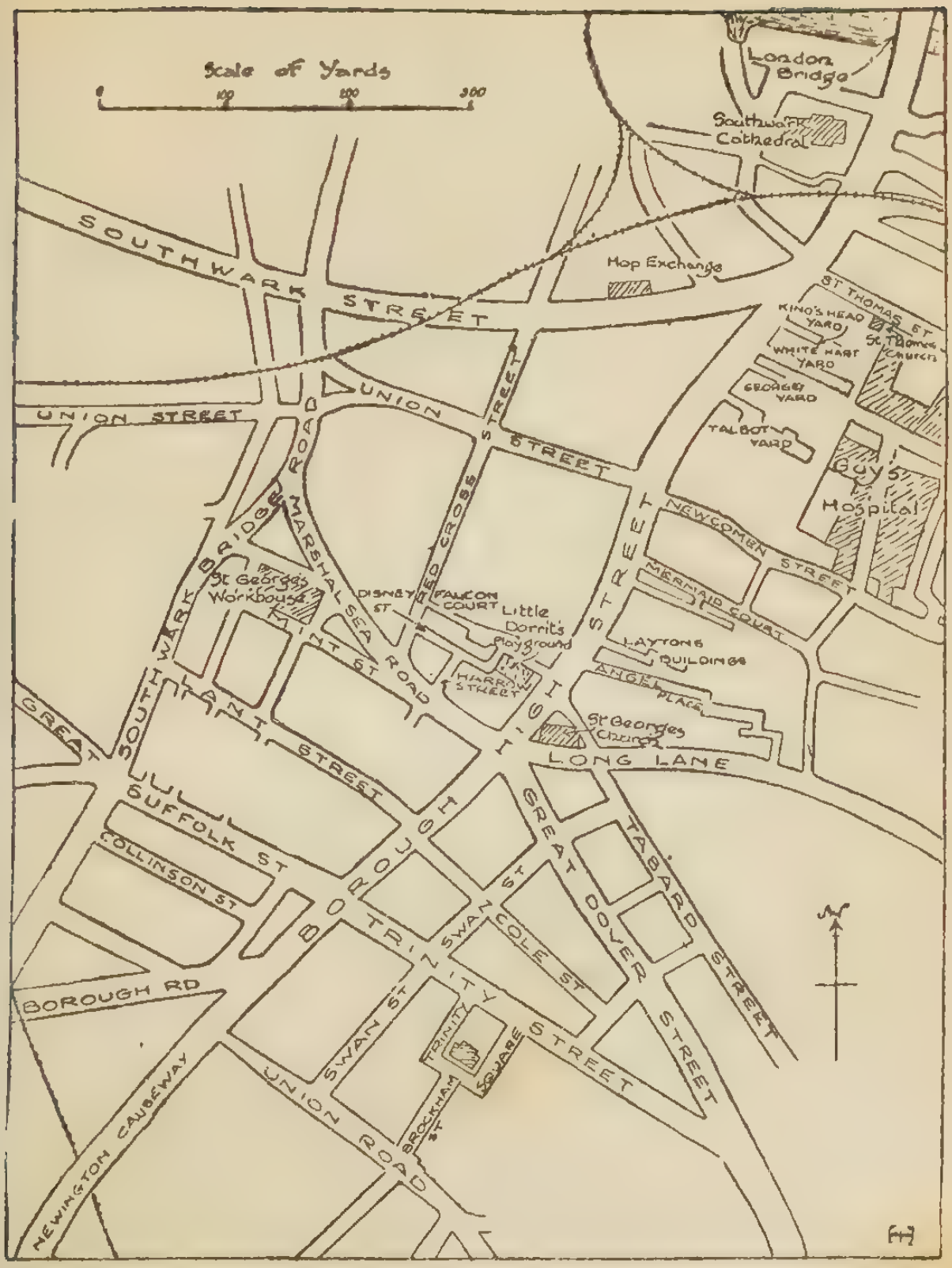
FROM the time of Edward III Southwark, owing to the venerable link of London Bridge, has been the adopted child of the City, while other districts, divided from London by the waters of the Thames, have languished in cold isolation like poor relations. The union in history has naturally been followed by a union in literature. Chaucer, born in London, conducts his pilgrims down the Borough High Street *en route* to Canterbury. Dickens makes his first acquaintance with London by exploring Covent Garden and Seven Dials but, pressed by poverty, soon extends his knowledge to Lant Street and the Marshalsea Prison. In literature his course is as in life. Mr. Pickwick starts his journeying at Charing Cross, where Dr. Johnson found the 'full tide of human existence,' and meets Sam Weller (and thus largely contributes towards his own and Dickens's immorality) in a Southwark inn.

Charles Dickens in the Borough

Not to put too fine a point on it, as Mr. Snagsby would say, London Bridge may be claimed to belong to Southwark as much as to the City. At any rate, a Dickens pilgrimage cannot start at a better place. Dickens's two most important references to the bridge are useful in dating the books in which they occur. In *Oliver Twist* Nancy has an interview with Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow on steps which, says Dickens :

> On the Surrey bank and on the same side of the Bridge against St. Saviour's Church, form a landing stairs from the river. . . . These stairs are a part of the bridge ; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen so that a person turning that angle of the wall, is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only by a step.

A sketch made of the Southwark side of old London Bridge prior to its demolition shows no such steps. From Dickens's reference to ' the tower of old St. Saviour's Church and the spire of St. Magnus, so long the giant warder of the ancient bridge,' and to the recesses, no longer existent, in which Noah Claypole conceals himself from Nancy's view while she crosses to keep the appointment, it is evident that the present bridge, then but eight years old, was in Dickens's mind when he wrote. The steps indicated may still be seen and, except


Scale of Yards
100
200
300
London Bridge
Southwark Cathedral
Hop Exchange
SOUTHWARK STREET
ST THOMAS ST
KING'S HEAD YARD
WHITE HART YARD
GEORGE YARD
TALBOT YARD
St Thomas Church
Guy's Hospital
UNION STREET
UNION STREET
RED CROSS STREET
NEWCOMEN STREET
MERMAID COURT
LAYTONS BUILDINGS
ANGEL PLACE
St Georges Circus
LONG LANE
MARSHAL SEA ROAD
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD
St George's Workhouse
DISNEY ST
FALCON COURT
Little Dorrit's playground
HARROW STREET
HUNT ST
HUNT STREET
GREAT
SUFFOLK ST
COLLINSON ST
BOROUGH HIGH STREET
GREAT DOVER STREET
TABARD STREET
TRINITY ST
SWAN ST
COLE ST
BOROUGH RD
SWAN ST
TRINITY SQUARE
STREET
BROCKHAM ST
UNION ROAD
NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY

that the pilaster is not ornamental, his description remains accurate. The other allusion is in *Great Expectations*. Here Dickens shows that he was fully acquainted (as was Pepys before him) with the difficulty of navigating a boat through one of nineteen arches of the old bridge, which was about 100 ft. east of the present one. Pip endeavours to improve his skill as an oarsman, in view of the impending flight of Magwitch, by rowing on the river and, says Dickens :

> There were states of the tide when having been down the River I could not get back through the eddy chafed arches and starlings of old London Bridge. Then I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom House to be brought up afterwards to the Temple Stairs.

Evidently therefore, in writing *Great Expectations* in 1861, Dickens was writing of London before 1830, i.e. the London of his youth.

Leaving the bridge, we pass on the right Southwark Cathedral, in Dickens's time the St. Saviour's Church to which he refers in *Oliver Twist*. Alas, while Bunyan, Chaucer, Goldsmith, and Johnson have memorial windows, Dickens is not represented, even in the Cathedral's reredos—surely as thickly populated as reredos ever was! It is perhaps because he is not dead but lives in its streets. If you want his monument look around you—in Southwark!

Hard by the Lady Chapel once stood Overman's Almshouses. It was in one of these that Mrs. Mell

resided when her son, the usher of Salem House School, called, accompanied by David Copperfield. Dickens says that an inscription over the gate stated that they were established for twenty-five poor women, and that they were characterized by diamond paned windows and little black doors. A print of St. Saviour's Church dated 1790, shows the Lady Chapel and the adjacent almshouses, the latter were probably demolished on the construction of the railway bridge. In an article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for November, 1888, Mr. Ashby Sterry stated that the houses had recently been removed and an illustration showed the black doors. A memorial stone in the Cathedral to a member of the Overman family still reminds us of the charity.

Leaving the Cathedral and crossing Borough High Street, the rambler will find St. Thomas's Street on the left, the name of which recalls the fact that until 1865 St. Thomas's Hospital occupied a considerable site between this thoroughfare and the river. On walking down this street he will notice on his left the tower of the rebuilt church of St. Thomas Apostle (1703). It is now used as the Chapter House of Southwark Cathedral. Gerard Johnson, the sculptor of the bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, lived in this parish.

Passing a terrace of eighteenth-century houses on the left, the gates of Guy's Hospital are seen immediately on the right. The grimy statue in

the centre of the spacious courtyard is of the founder, Thomas Guy, and was the work of Scheemakers, a Dutch sculptor. Guy was a native of Southwark, a bookseller, and afterwards M.P. for Tamworth ; he lived just long enough to see the completion of the Hospital in 1724. Keats walked its wards from 1814–16, and in its lecture-room once 'there came a sunbeam and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray ; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy land.' While Keats was at Guy's he lived first at Dean Street—not the present thoroughfare, but one of the same name which was opposite St. Thomas's Street and no longer exists. Here he wrote his fine poem *To Hope*, the opening lines of which savour of a Borough lodging :

> When by my solitary hearth I sit
> And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom.

From there he moved to St. Thomas's Street, where he lived for about a year.

Returning from St. Thomas's Street into the High Street, and turning to the left, the rambler will find White Hart yard, alongside a stationer's shop. Here stood, until 1889, the famous inn of that name. The fervid Dickensian would fain have offered up the George for destruction to have saved the White Hart, for it had life in history before it was 'treasured up to a life beyond life' in literature. The original inn, which took its sign from the badge of Richard II (an emblem

from the crest of his mother, Joanna of Kent) is frequently mentioned in the *Paston Letters* and *Hall's Chronicles*, and became the headquarters of Jack Cade in his famous rebellion of 1450. 'Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broken through London gates that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?' says Cade in *Henry VI* (Part 2, Act IV, Scene viii). At the White Hart Cade executed one of his victims, and here Cade's body was brought to be identified by the hostess, after a wound, inflicted in the course of his flight, had proved fatal. The inn was destroyed in the great Southwark fire of 1676, after which it was rebuilt in the form so admirably described in Chapter X of *Pickwick Papers* as the place of Sam Weller's employment and the rendezvous of the wicked Jingle and his 'dearest of angels,' Rachael Wardle. Messrs. Rendle and Norman, in their interesting volume on *The Inns of Old Southwark*, published some years before the inn was demolished, stated that an historian wishing to describe faithfully the place as it was could not have done it better than Dickens, the only discrepancy being that there were tiers of bedroom galleries on three and not on two sides as he said. In later days some of the galleries were let out in tenements. After the passing of the coach, one bus a day left the White Hart for rural Clapham but, unfed by coach traffic, the days of the inn

were numbered. In 1889 it was pulled down, and in the Dickens Museum at 48 Doughty Street, a baluster from the 'old clumsy balustrade' to which Dickens referred may be seen.

Passing on down Borough High Street, over No. 71 will be noticed the sign of a Hare and a Sun. This punning device once indicated the premises of Nicholas Hare (note the initials H.N.A.), who had a grocery business here at the time of the fire of 1676. A few yards farther on is George Yard. What a vista of delight is this for the pilgrim who enters for the first time and finds still remaining a fragment of one of the galleried inns described by Dickens. Here Chapter X of *Pickwick Papers* can be read with more advantage than in White Hart Yard. The George (it probably lost its sainthood at the Reformation) has little history. In 1554 it was the property of a Mr. Colet, who represented Southwark in Parliament, and in 1598 Stow mentioned it as one of Southwark's 'fair inns.' In 1634 the landlord was reported for allowing drinking during divine service, and in 1645 Sir John Mennes, afterwards admiral and comptroller of the Navy, wrote some lines 'Upon a surfeit caught by drinking bad sack at the George Tavern in Southwark' which commence:

> Oh would I might turn poet for an hour
> To satirise with a vindictive power
> Against the drawer.

From the lines which follow it is not clear that the

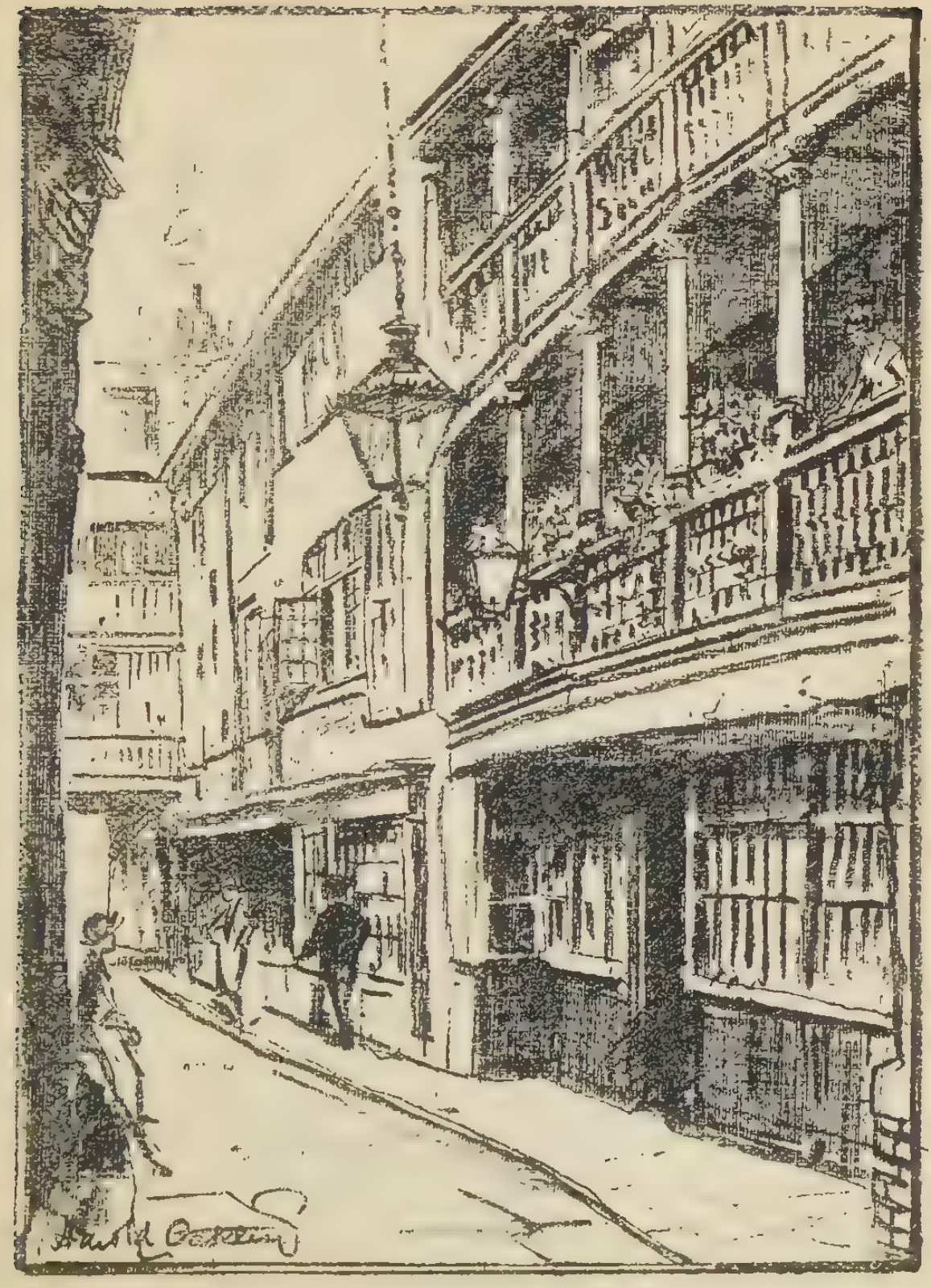
wish expressed in the opening line was gratified, even for the moderate period suggested! In the Guildhall Museum there are two seventeenth-century trade tokens of the 'George' which disappeared in the fire of 1676. It was rebuilt, and much used by coaches and carriers (one of whom was named Weller) until 1870 when, in the inevitable process of vehicular evolution, it became mainly a railway depot. The Great Northern Railway Co., who purchased the property, left it largely as it was until 1889. The demolition in that year spared only the existing wing. Before then the entrance to the yard was behind the white gate on the right as you enter, so the coaches, as they came lumbering in, must almost have brushed against the galleries of the inn. As the rambler strolls through the gateway he may recall that in the same way, in Elizabethan days, entered the strolling players, while into the yard (or pit) followed the populace, the galleries (contrary to modern custom) being filled with the wealthier patrons of the drama. The interior of the George invites inspection. The coffee-room, with its old-fashioned pens, high enough to be formidable to any diner who would pry into his neighbour's dish, tempts appetite, as the bedrooms, opening on to the galleries, with their four-posters, invite slumber. These are seldom empty, thanks to Kentish farmers and American visitors. The silver has seen service since 1809, and the

courteous landlady, Miss Murray, since 1903, when she succeeded her mother, who had been 'mine hostess' from 1878. Dickens refers to the inn but once—in *Little Dorrit*. 'Tip,' the heroine's brother, goes there to write begging letters to Clennam. Jeffery Farnol has a lengthy allusion to it in *The Amateur Gentleman*.

If the George is delightful, the Tabard, by Talbot Yard is as disappointing. Only the sign, showing the sleeveless coat of the herald, which hangs high over the pavement, remains to remind us of the glories of former inns which stood upon the site.

Every yard off Borough High Street represents an old inn, and there was wisdom in Sampson Brass when wishing to get Dick Swiveller out of the way while he carried into effect his plot against Kit Nubbles, he dispatched him to Peckham. For the 'glorious Apollo' must needs pass these hostelries and yield to the temptation to tarry! Queen's Head Yard (No. 103) marks the site of the inn of that name (closed in 1895). Cricket enthusiasts may like to know that there the first team of Australian cricketers (aborigines) stayed in 1868, one, known as 'King Cole,' dying in Guy's Hospital.

After passing Newcomen Street and Chapel Court, Layton's Buildings (No. 199) takes the rambler into the precincts of the Marshalsea Prison. The cane and bamboo warehouse was probably the



Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK

yard of the Governor's house, and before the recent rebuilding of the wood shed it bore a turret which once held the bell that warned visitors to leave the prison. Clennam, ignoring this, on one occasion spent the night within. The wooden house on the left, with its timbers overlapping, doubtless dates from the time when John Dickens was one of the prisoners.

Returning to the High Street, we find, a little farther on, a narrow archway leading to Angel Place. A few yards south of this entry was the gate of the prison to which Dickens referred when in *Pickwick Papers* (*The Old Man's Tale about the Queer Client*) he first mentions the Marshalsea. The body of a prisoner's wife was carried through the gateway whilst the turnkeys stood bareheaded and the gate closed in front of the bereaved husband, who was not allowed liberty even to attend her funeral. The gateway is also shown by Phiz in one of his illustrations for *Little Dorrit*. Through Angel Place Dickens went in 1856 when the book was nearing completion. Writing to Forster he said, 'Found the rooms that have been in my mind's eye in the story. . . . The spikes are gone and the wall is lowered.' On proceeding to the end of the court the rambler will notice on his right a wall unusually high and almost bereft of windows. This undoubtedly belonged to the old prison, probably to the part assigned for the custody of smugglers for whom greater security was required

than for debtors. Angel Place leads by way of Collier's Rents to Long Lane.

On turning to the right, and continuing along the pavement, the rambler will speedily find on his right, at the bend, the churchyard of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, which we will enter. It is divided from the church by a roadway in 1907. On the wall which divides the enclosure from the factory of Messrs. Harding & Sons will be seen an inscription indicating that at one time it was a wall of the Marshalsea prison. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Harding & Son the writer has seen the interior of their factory where metal plates, still in the same position as when the firm acquired the premises in 1886, indicates the various sections of the prison, 'Marshall,' 'Admiralty,' 'Chapel.' Whilst seated in the churchyard the rambler may acquaint himself further with its history. When first referred to, in 1377, the prison stood near the George Inn. Late in the eighteenth century it was removed to a position next to the church, and in 1811, when the Government purchased the White Lion, the old county gaol, which stood on an adjacent site, a new Marshalsea was erected. This was the building which Dickens first knew in 1823 and described in 1856 in *Little Dorrit* as an 'oblong pile of barrack buildings, partitioned into squalid houses standing back to back.' Nield in his book entitled *State of Prisons in England, Scotland, and Wales* (1812) states that

the Marshalsea consisted of about sixty rooms, the average size of which was 10½ ft. square by 8½ ft. high, in each of which was a window and fireplace. He adds that there was a 'tap' and a room for the occasional resort of prisoners and their friends —no doubt the 'snuggery' which Dickens described so well. The debtors' court, says Nield, measured only 177 ft. by 56 ft., including the area occupied by the debtors' prison in the centre, so the skittle ground 'in which,' says Dickens, 'the Marshalsea debtors bowled down their troubles,' was indeed 'very limited.' Charles Dickens's father was a prisoner of the Marshalsea for three months in 1823, and here gave to his son part of Mr. Micawber's famous advice about the effect upon happiness of proper relations between income and expenditure. The Marshalsea pump, referred to in *Little Dorrit*, is now to be seen in the Cuming Museum in Walworth Road.* The Marshalsea was discontinued as a prison in 1842 and the prisoners transferred to the King's Bench. Mr. Ashby Sterry wrote in 1888 that you could still go into the rooms occupied by the Father of the Marshalsea and also into Little Dorrit's garret. Except, however, by indicating that he turned to the right on entering the prison yard, Dickens gives no indication where old Dorrit's rooms were situated. Sir Walter Besant's illustration (in a volume on

* This museum also contains the copper from which it is said Oliver Twist asked for more.

London) of the exterior of Little Dorrit's garret and a painting, at the London Museum, of its interior represents a garret to be seen on the extreme left as the rambler faces the wall in the churchyard bearing the inscription. As there is no other garret this is justifiably regarded as the one mentioned by Dickens (in Chapter XXIV) as Little Dorrit's bedroom. Through the courtesy of Messrs. J. & J. Keliher & Co., Ltd., the printers, whose premises include much of the old prison (the rooms being simply remodelled for business purposes), the writer was able to explore it. It corresponds with Phiz's illustration, and still contains an old cupboard and a casement window.

There has been a church here since 1122, perhaps longer. In front of it was the extensive open space known as St. George's Fields, now represented only by the circumscribed area vaguely called 'The Obelisk.' Here Henry V's funeral cortège halted in 1422 on its way from France to Westminster Abbey. In St. George's Fields a section of the 'No-Popery' rioters assembled as described in *Barnaby Rudge*. History shows more irony here. On part of the ground there now stands a Roman Catholic Cathedral! In the old church were buried many victims of the Marshalsea, including Bishop Bonner, who died September 5, 1569, and three days afterwards was buried privily at midnight amongst other prisoners (Stow). In old St. George's

Church (in 1652) was married General Monck, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, the restorer of the Stuart dynasty. This, in the view of society, was a misalliance as the bride was a farrier's daughter. In the churchyard was buried (in 1676) the author of that arithmetic book (so valued by Dr. Johnson that it accompanied him to the Hebrides) commended in the phrase 'according to Cocker.' In 1690 the 'windy Rushworth,' as Carlyle called the author of the *Historical Collections* which he consulted for his *Cromwell*, was laid to rest here. In 1733 Woolston, a King's Bench prisoner, who was also fined £100 for an heretical discourse on miracles, was buried in the churchyard. In 1734 the old church which figured prominently in Hogarth's picture of *Southwark Fair* was pulled down and the present church erected. Its steeple is unjustifiably described by Pennant (1777) as 'awkwardly standing upon stilts.' More might have been known of the history of the church had not the parish authorities resolved, in 1776, to sell all the parish papers and documents in a lump at the rate of 1½d. a pound, the purchaser paying carriage! The present church is famous solely for its Dickens associations. Dickens was certainly most ingenious in associating Little Dorrit with all three of its registers. As a child of the Marshalsea, her name appeared in the baptismal register; as the bride of Clennam, when the sun poured through the east window which can still

be seen, it was entered in the volume devoted to marriages. If she was not to be 'killed for the market,' as a ruthless critic said of Little Nell, matters could go no further. But an external connexion was a good substitute for an internal one. When Little Dorrit is shut out of the prison, after her 'party,' she finds refuge in the vestry at the south-east end of the church, and sleeps with the burial register for a pillow. 'What makes these books interesting,' says the verger grimly, 'is not who's in 'em, but who isn't—who's coming, you know, and when.' This would certainly have been the view of the author of the lugubrious epitaph on a large table tomb on the right as the rambler leaves the churchyard:

> How lov'd how valued once avails thee not
> To whom related and by whom forgot
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee
> 'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.

The turning opposite the church is Marshalsea Road, and the second turning on the right down that thoroughfare is Harrow Street. At the end of the street, and facing Marshalsea Road, will be seen a timbered lean-to, and behind it a much higher building showing an external fire escape staircase. This was the lodging-house referred to by Dickens as the old farm house in a paper in *Reprinted Pieces* entitled *On Duty with Inspector Field*. 'It is the old manor house of these parts,' says Dickens, 'and stood in the country once. . . .

This long paved yard was a paddock or a garden once, or a court in front of the farm-house.'

After passing to the right in front of the cottages something of the one-time paddock or garden is still to be seen in front of the lodging-house, and its fire-places and panels, on one of which was uncovered, about three years ago, two full-length portraits in oils, reveal the fact that it was once the residence of aristocracy. Suffolk Street, near by, takes its name from Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk and brother-in-law of Henry VIII, who had a palace here. No part of the farm-house building dates from his time, but it may represent some structure in his demesne which was rebuilt. It was in the farm-house, disused as a lodging-house since the war, that W. H. Davies slept for some years at 4d. a night. From here he dispatched his volume of poems to Bernard Shaw, mystifying him by his rural address. We are now in a recreation enclosure labelled Little Dorrit's Playground, and can pass down Falcon Court back to Borough High Street.

There is a Quilp Street and Dorrit Street leading off Marshalsea Road, and a Clenham (*sic*) Street in Southwark Bridge Road. Why the volatile villain and the anaemic hero should be commemorated in these parts ' Dickens only knows.'

' There's my lodgings, Lant Street, Borough ; it's handy for me you know. Little distance after you've passed St. George's Church—turns out of the High

Street on the right hand side of the way.' 'I shall find it,' said Mr. Pickwick.

And so will the rambler, as Mr. Sawyer's directions are still adequate. Lant Street derives its name from the Lant family who inherited the estates known as Southwark Place which were formerly in the possession of Heath, Archbishop of York. Dickens, as a boy of eleven, had a back attic there when, his father being a prisoner in the Marshalsea, he was employed at the blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs. 'The little window,' he said, 'had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode I thought it was a paradise.' Except that it was at the eastern end of the street, the position of the house is unknown. Near the school there is a stable yard which formerly was called by the ancient name of Bolt-in-Tun Court (there was within recent years a court of this name leading off Fleet Street) and it may well be the yard to which Dickens alluded. If so, probably the house was demolished in 1877 on the erection of the school where now the Dickens Fellowship annually give a children's party. On the door of No. 53, a double fronted house, however, is a small tablet marked 'Dickens' House.' About ten years ago the writer interviewed the tenant and author of the inscription. His only evidence was another yard adjacent to his house, and he admitted that it had no room which could properly be described as an attic. There is no

doubt, from the iron lamp brackets outside, the thick front door, the huge key, the carvings and the ceilings that the house was fairly old when Dickens first knew Lant Street. Probably it was the residence of a physician at Guy's Hospital when the Borough was a more fashionable neighbourhood. 'Who can have a manner,' asks Mrs. Hardcastle in Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, 'who has never seen . . . the Borough, and such places where the nobility resort!' It is no longer famous for polite society, but its Dickens memories are cherished. One inhabitant informed the writer, on the evidently posthumous evidence of her grandmother—clearly a contemporary of Mr. Pickwick's!—that No. 39 was the scene of Bob Sawyer's famous party. Another local tradition is in favour of the public-house at the corner of Aster Street, which certainly does no injustice to the well-known convivial habits of Bob. There is perhaps not now that repose about Lant Street to which Dickens alluded in Chapter XXXI of *Pickwick Papers*, but it may still 'shed a gentle melancholy upon the soul.' If a man were tempted to retire from the world he might not choose it as a hermitage, as Dickens suggested, but he would be as immune as ever from temptation to look out of the window! Probably Dickens referred to Lant Street when in *Sketches by Boz* he described the Tuggs family as living in a 'narrow street on the Surrey side of the water within three

Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

minutes' walk of old London Bridge.' The Tuggs's family must have had considerable pedestrian powers to have covered the distance in the time, but so had Dickens! Perhaps also, Lant Street was 'the bye street in Southwark not far from London Bridge' where Mrs. Rudge resided. In view of Bob Sawyer's party it is appropriate to mention that in Lant Street the baked potato man is said to have made his debut. What a boon he might have been to Mr. Sawyer when Mrs. Raddle turned crusty!

On leaving Lant Street, the rambler should cross the road and turn down Trinity Street. This leads to Trinity Square where will be found London's oldest outdoor statue. It represents Alfred the Great and was brought, in 1823, when the church was erected and the square laid out, from the old Palace of Westminster, where it had, with other similar statues, been concealed by two taverns named 'Heaven' and 'Hell.' It probably dates therefore from the time of Richard II. One of the hands has disappeared; they originally supported a book and a sword. The rambler should now retrace his steps and turn to the left down Swan Street, which will bring him to Union Road, formerly Horsemonger Lane, where the recreation ground stands upon the site of the county gaol of Surrey from 1791–1879. Leigh Hunt (Dickens's model for Harold Skimpole) was a prisoner here from 1812 to 1814 for writing of the Prince Regent

in the *Examiner* that 'this Adonis in loveliness was a corpulent man of fifty.' He was visited by Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Keats, who wrote a sonnet to celebrate his release. Over the main entrance—in Horsemonger Lane—public executions took place. Dickens witnessed here in 1849 the end of Mr. and Mrs. Manning. The lady wore black satin for this important occasion, and this material went out of fashion as a result. The same day Dickens wrote to *The Times* and said, 'I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror as was enacted this morning outside Horsemonger Lane gaol is permitted at the very doors of good citizens and is passed by unknown or forgotten.' It is said that prior to the abolition of public executions in 1868 the inhabitants of the old houses opposite made more than their annual rentals by letting windows for these gruesome spectacles. The gateway and door of the prison were in Madame Tussaud's museum, and the bell now does duty at St. Michael and All Angels' Church, Lant Street. It still has a funereal sound!

The rambler should now turn to his right in Union Road and stop before the row of cottages close to Newington Causeway. Here John Chivery, the turnkey, and his son, the unsuccessful lover of Little Dorrit, resided. It was, says Dickens, 'a rural establishment, one storey high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horse-

monger Lane Gaol and the advantage of a retired walk under the wall of that pleasant establishment.'

Opposite Union Road is Borough Road, and immediately to its right stood the King's Bench Prison where, in fact, Smollett, one of Dickens's fathers in literature, and Mr. Micawber, one of his children in fiction, were confined. This 'place of incarceration in civil process,' as Mr. Micawber called it, was much larger than the Marshalsea, having 224 rooms, and a spacious courtyard containing a market. The poor side consisted of sixteen rooms, and the occupants were entitled to all the charities and benefactions, but had to take turns in holding a collecting plate at the door. Did Wilkins Micawber so condescend? 'I don't think!' as Sam Weller would have said. The liberties of the King's Bench, in theory, included about a dozen streets round the prison between it and the Elephant and the Obelisk. In the liberties resided the father of Madeline Bray, Nicholas Nickleby's bride. According to Lord Ellenborough, in fact, they extended to the East Indies. The King's Bench was latterly a military prison, and was demolished in 1880.

While Dickens's father was in the Marshalsea a Mr. Dorrett of Rochester was in the King's Bench. John Dickens may have known him at Chatham. As the name 'Dorrett' is in the Dickens memorandum book, for long in the possession of the family of Mr. Comyns Carr, K.C., there is no doubt how the name was derived.

No. 22

FROM GRAY'S INN TO STAPLE INN

BY

PRESCOTT ROW

WE have already in this series dealt with three of the Inns of Court,—' the noblest nurseries,' wrote Ben Jonson, ' of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom.'—The Temple, Inner and Middle, is dealt with in No. 9, and Lincoln's Inn in No. 4 of these rambles in London. In this ramble we include the fourth of the great Inns of Court and also the most delightful and unspoiled of the Inns of Chancery.

The Inns of Court take their name because they were originally held in the Court of the King's Palace. They are governed by Benchers, the most distinguished members of the Bar, and alone have the right of admitting students to practise as barristers . The little Inns of Chancery were ten in number, Staple, Serjeants', Fleet Street, and Serjeants' in Chancery Lane, Clifford's Inn, Furnival's,

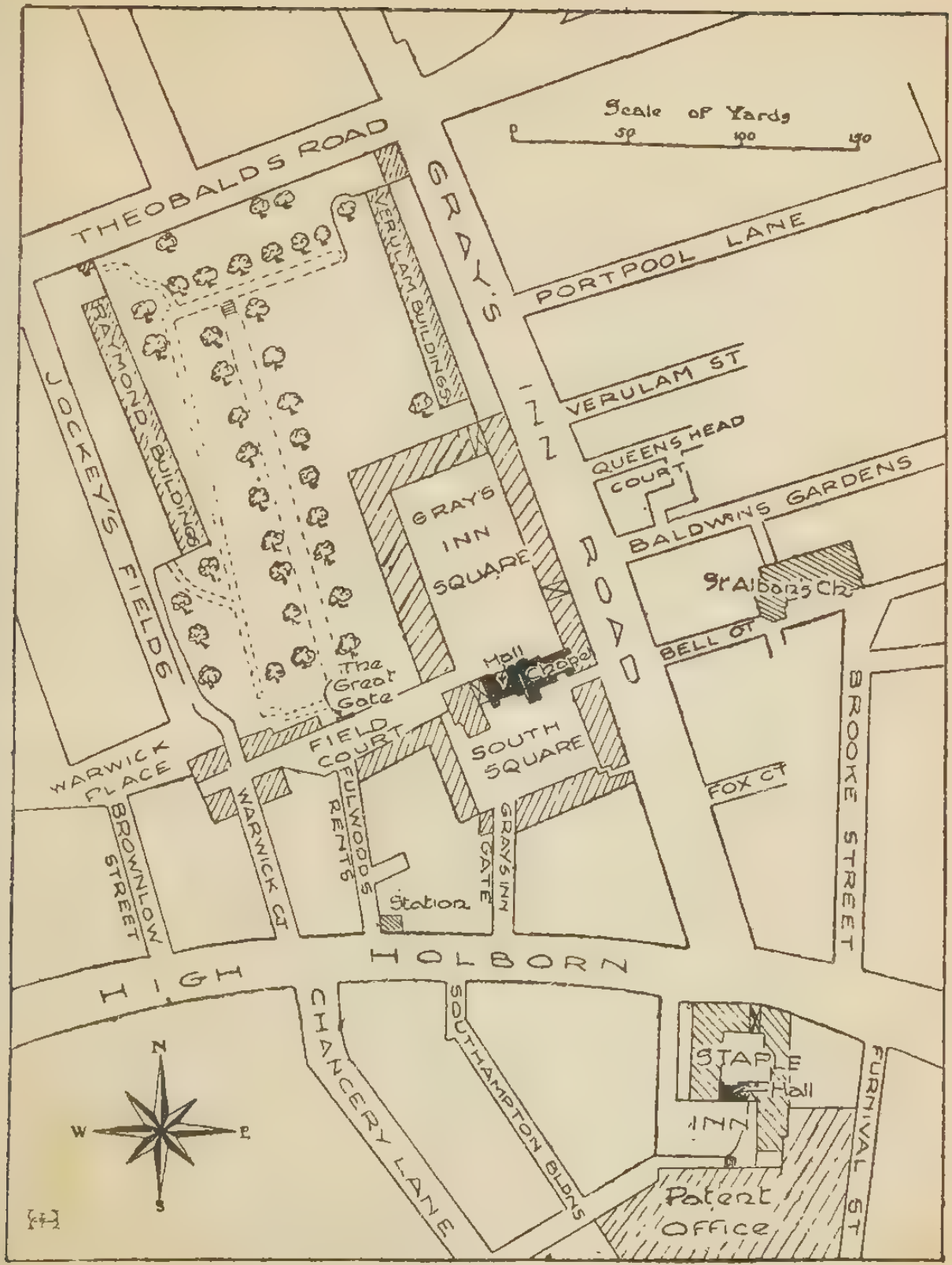
From Gray's Inn to Staple Inn

Barnard's, New, Clement's, Lyon's, and Thavie's Inn.

> The Inns of Court have a swelling port,
> And they are a goodly four :
> The Temples twin, and Lincoln's Inn,
> And Bacon's home of yore.
> The Inns of Court are of good report,
> Their kitchen fires are aglow,
> Their butchers thrive, their bakers wive,
> Their vintners cap them low :
> So are they all ; but what are ye,
> Poor little Houses of Chancerie ?*

Before entering Gray's Inn let us pass into Fulwood's Place, or Rents, as it used to be called, a narrow paved inlet in Holborn to the left of Chancery Lane tube station. It lies just outside the precincts of the Inn and has a gateway into Field Court, now kept closed. Sir George Fulwood, a member of the Inn in 1589, built a house, and his son, Christopher Fulwood, who lost his fortune by his loyalty as a Royalist, was born here. Francis Bacon, the pre-eminent worthy of Gray's Inn, was living in Fulwood House when he wrote *Ancillae Memoriae*, although he still retained his chambers in the Inn. Fulwood's Rents at the end of the seventeenth century was, like Ram Alley and Whitefriars, a place of retreat and sanctuary for fraudulent debtors. In 1673 gentlemen of the Inn pumped some bailiffs who attempted to levy execution, but the privilege of sanctuary was

* *The Gardens of Gray's Inn.* Christian Tearle.


Scale of Yards
50
100
150
THEOBALDS ROAD
GRAY'S INN ROAD
PORTPOOL LANE
VERULAM BUILDINGS
RAYMOND BUILDINGS
JOCKEY'S FIELDS
VERULAM ST
QUEENS HEAD COURT
BALDWINS GARDENS
GRAY'S INN SQUARE
St Albans Ch
BELL CT
Hall
Chapel
The Great Gate
FIELD COURT
SOUTH SQUARE
FOX CT
BROOKE STREET
WARWICK PLACE
BROWNLOW STREET
WARWICK CT
FULWOOD'S RENTS
GRAYS INN GATE
Station
HIGH HOLBURN
CHANCERY LANE
SOUTHAMPTON BLDGS
STAPLE INN
Hall
FURNIVAL ST
Patent Office
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abolished in 1697. Later on from Squire's Coffee House here several numbers of *The Spectator* are dated. The little court has now all been rebuilt.

Retracing our steps, we enter Warwick Court, the next turning westward. This marks the site of Allington House, which afterwards came into the possession of Robert Rich, the second Earl of Warwick, and renamed Warwick House. It soon passed into other hands, and Pepys dined here at my lord's house (the Earl of Sandwich) in 1660. The mansion stood on the right or east side of the court, and No. 8 Warwick Court still retains some good panelling. After passing the railings—the nice little houses on the right were completed in 1697—we are now in Gray's Inn Place within the precincts.

The charming little original houses, modest little tenements of six or eight rooms, on the left hand side fronting a paved court, were built about 1714. No. 2 was occupied by Archdeacon Henry Stebbing, and also afterwards by his son; they were both Preachers of Gray's Inn. A writer of legal memories tells us of one 'who can remember when each of these cottages was inhabited by a barrister, his young wife, and three or four charming children.'

Here we will turn to the right into the delightful old-world nook of Field Court, and from here get our first view of the classic Gardens or Walks of

Gray's Inn, a beautiful sight when the tender green is budding at the end of April.

Field Court, backed with sedate old red brick houses with a little triangular piece of lawn in the west corner, and, at the eastern end, the new Common Room where the Gray's Inn Moot Society holds its meetings, is attractive enough in itself. At Nos. 1 and 2 Field Court, Thomas Osborne the bookseller—a violent man who found his match in the lexicographer—carried on business. 'Sir! he was impertinent to me and I beat him,' said Johnson to Boswell; 'but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.'

The Great Gates, between pillars mounted by rampant griffins, each supporting a shield with a winged horse, the crest of Gray's Inn and its ally the Inner Temple, and flanked by railings of beaten iron, were put up during the treasurership of William Gilby in 1723. The famous Walks are a wonderful survival of a London long passed away. They were laid out first in 1597 when Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, afterwards Treasurer of the Inn, devised and directed the operations.

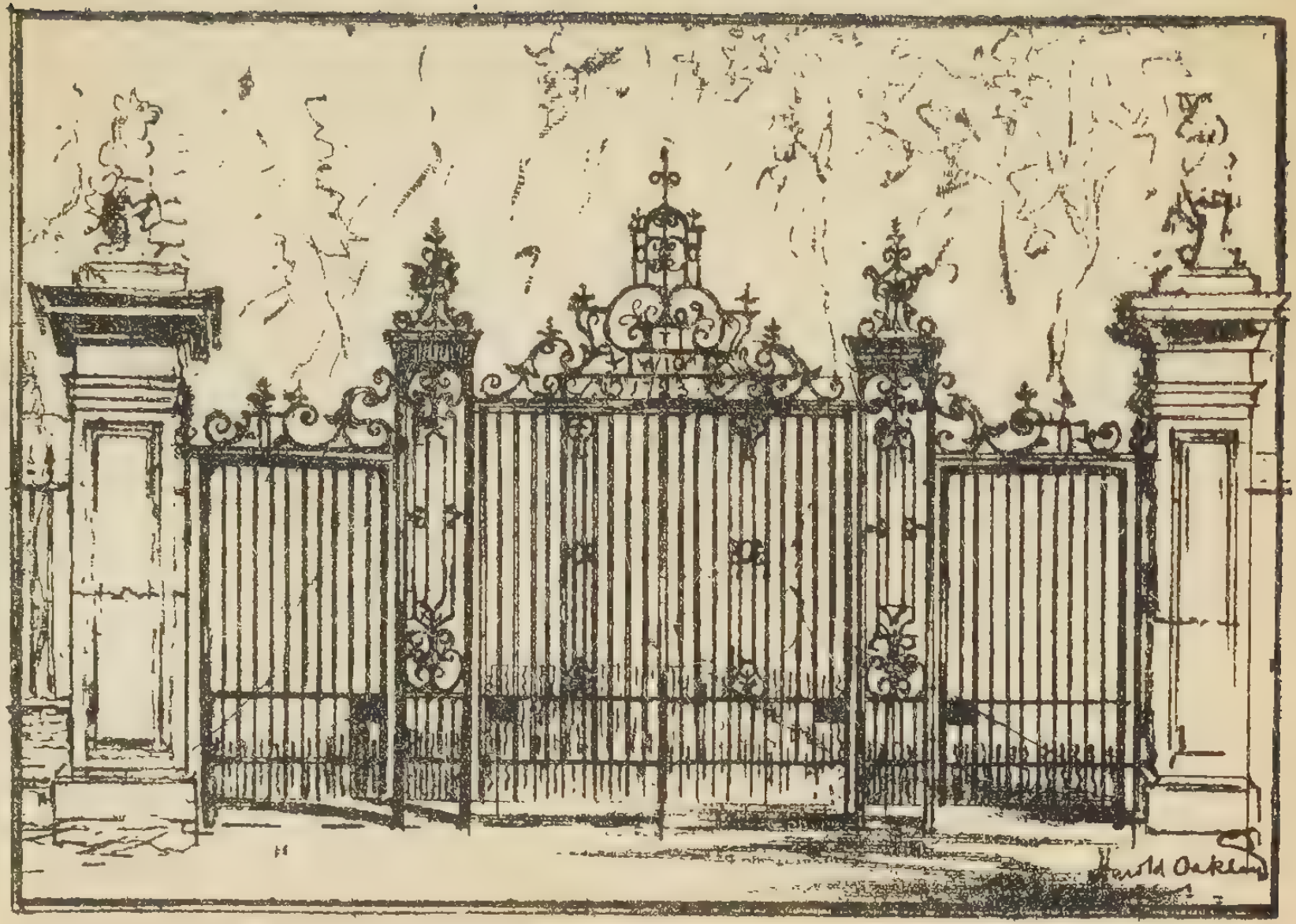
> God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks.

As you stand at the gates you can look to your right to the stately buildings of Gray's Inn Square

that flank the gardens, and it was when living in one of their forerunners that Bacon wrote these lines. Such a man must have had his hand in whatever work of the sort that was going on.

It was planted with elm trees, silver birches and cherries, and of standard rose trees there were many. Woodbine and eglantine, violets and primroses, all played their parts in its adornment, as there is a record that £60 6s. 8d. was paid by the Inn for the purpose of planting, and these trees and flowers are specifically mentioned. It is to be remembered that they lay open to all the summer air, on the west, as well as on the north.

Lord Verulam loved Gray's Inn—his father, the Lord Keeper, had been there before him—he was Treasurer for nine years, and it was his home for the best part of his life. After his fall he returned to it as a retreat, and he left a legacy to the parish because of his long abode in it. On the west side of the garden he raised a mound some thirty feet high, and placed there an octagonal seat open on all sides covered with a roof and supported by slender pillars, giving a view over the gardens and the open fields to the west and extending to the hills of Hampstead and Highgate on the north. The summer house carried a Latin inscription that it was erected by Francis Bacon,Solicitor-General, in memory of his old friend Jeremy Bettenham. All his life Bacon must have paced the Walks in exercise, meditation, conversation, or debate with



Specially drawn by [*Harold Oakley*

THE GREAT GATES, GRAY'S INN

the great ones of his great era, and it is not surprising that we are told that the great catalpa tree was planted by his own hand.

The Gardens are now opened to visitors only by permission of the Treasurer, but in the second Charles's time, and later, they were a public and fashionable promenade on summer afternoons and evenings. Pepys was here often, and there are numerous allusions in plays and diaries to the fashionable assemblies.

> I immediately went down to him and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night and would be glad to take a Turn with me in Grays-Inn Walks. . . . I was no sooner come into Grays-Inn Walks, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good air (to make use of his own Phrase).
>
> *The Spectator* 269.

You can see the terrace and the flight of steps at the north end. It was added to by a strip of meadow land made into a lawn in 1759.

Charles Lamb writes :

> They are still the best Gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten, have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing.

We will now turn northward along the paved way skirting the garden railings and looking across to the houses of Gray's Inn Square. The range of

ugly chambers ahead of us blotted out the site of Bacon's summer house and mount, although, to say truth, they had long disappeared before Raymond Buildings arose early in the nineteenth century. (The name commemorates Lord Chief Justice Raymond 1673-1733.) These houses are, however, gathering their own memories. Rupert Brooke the poet was a constant visitor at No. 5. Mr. Harold Cox, the present editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, resides in No. 6.

To No. 1 Messrs. Ellis & Blackmore moved from their offices in South Square, where Charles Dickens was an attorney's clerk. He must have had a bad time there, for Dickens savagely hated Gray's Inn, and showed it in several references, but it is interesting to recall on the spot that Flora Casby in *Little Dorrit* broadly hints to Clennam that she supposed he never 'walked on the north-west side of Gray's Inn Gardens at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon.' The place indicated is the gravel path on the garden front of Raymond Buildings.

On reaching the broad, busy road at the top, turn to the right. This is a royal road, the way that James I used to traverse from the Court of London to his hunting seat at Theobalds, and the route the second Charles took to his beloved Newmarket. It was called originally the King's Road, now altered to Theobalds Road.

At No. 22 (tablet) a fine old house containing

at least one handsome fireplace of the period, Benjamin Disraeli was born at the house of his father in 1804. As a baby he probably took his place in his go-cart, and with the other famous people enjoyed the air of Gray's Inn Gardens.

The ground to the north before the houses were built was known as Gray's Inn Fields, and was used for the practice of bowmen, open-air sports, and rough games for the citizens ; at night it made a lurking place for footpads.

If you look at the plan on page 3 you will see that the Gardens now extend up to Verulam Buildings, behind the north side of Gray's Inn Square. This was not always so ; the north-east angle was once Panyerman's Close, a meadow in which cows were kept and some squalid houses were built occupied by ' base and beggarly people.' In 1605—in Bacon's time—most of it was added to the Gardens and a bowling green made. In 1677 the whole was enclosed.

We have now arrived at Gray's Inn Road, or Lane, as it used to be called, a famous highway to Highgate and the north-east. Monck and his soldiers entered London this way, when he brought his army down from the north to complete the Restoration of Charles II.

Turning to the right, pass through the gateway behind the wall and in front of Verulam Buildings.

These were built 1803–11, and I cannot find anything recorded of the occupants. We pass on

to the corner where a passage gives access to Gray's Inn Square, and are again within the precincts of this ancient and dignified school of law. It is interesting to hear that its old name was Coney Court, which takes us back to the open country of pre-Elizabethan days, and to the time when the playful rabbit was the only inhabitant of these grave and reverend quarters.

Julian Hawthorne when wandering in London in 1857 looked in at Gray's Inn.

> 'It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster City's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath.'

Gray's Inn Square, as we see it to-day, was at first divided by a block of stone buildings which crossed the centre, the Upper and Lower Galleries, the space between them and the Hall formed Middle or Chapel Court. On the removal of the Galleries the whole enclosure was named Coney Court, altered to Gray's Inn Square in 1793.

About 1567–76 building was commenced north of the Old Gate—opening to Gray's Inn Lane—and the square was soon enclosed by Tudor buildings, to be followed by others of the Stuart

period. These, again, have disappeared, to be replaced by the regular buildings of the age of William III, Queen Anne, and the early Georges that we see to-day.

The most desirable chambers must be those on the north and west, with windows looking on to the Gardens. The following words were written by one who enjoyed chambers on the west side.

> All the world has a nodding acquaintance with Gray's Inn, but only those who live there really know it. After curfew, when the gates are shut for the night and the workers within its borders have gone to their homes, and the traffic of the foot passengers, to whom it is but a short cut from one street to another, flows no longer, a magic descends upon Gray's Inn. Only one who has mooned about these silent courts, and at midnight in still weather has sat at an open window, and heard the hour chiming all about, or, better still, has looked out upon the Gardens in the pearly light of a June dawn, understands what that magic is.*

Let us stroll to the right along the north side of the square and note No. 6, in which were the chambers of Sir Samuel Romilly—after Bacon perhaps the most illustrious son of the Inn—who did so much noble work to mitigate the savagery that disgraced our early penal code.

Romilly occupied the first pair left of No. 6 for nearly twenty years. At the time of the Gordon Riots he turned out with a musket and stood sentry at the Inn gate. In 1780 he wrote

* Christian Tearle. *A Pilgrim from Chicago.*

to his sister of the view from his back windows over the Gardens :

> In the depth of winter the moment the sun peeps out I am in the country. A cold country it is, having only one row of houses between me and Highgate and Hampstead, a north-west wind blows full against my chambers.

During the War (December 18, 1917) a high explosive aerial torpedo (its case may be seen in the Inn library) crashed from a Gotha through the house, luckily without exploding, and buried itself nine feet in the ground below the cellar. At an earlier date in 1915 a bomb fell in the garden ten feet from No. 4 and wrecked the interior of the ground floor and the first floor rooms in three adjoining houses.

The staircase of No. 5 is worth seeing ; the west door on the ground floor gives access to the Gardens.

No. 1 Gray's Inn Square marks the position of the famous chambers that were occupied by many of the Bacon family. Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and no fewer than six sons, were members of the Inn. In 1580 Francis Bacon came into residence, and he returned here to live after his fall in 1622. An unfortunate fire broke out in 1684 and destroyed not only his chambers but the library with the oldest records of the Inn. From the western windows he could look out upon

the Walks that he had made and the Gardens that he loved. Here he wrote the immortal *Essays*, where he is seen at his best as a writer of English prose and a student of human nature, and other of those works of philosophy that in his own words 'rang the bell which called the other wits together.'

We are now close to the fine Tudor Hall of the Inn, the outside of which, however, suffered acutely in the early nineteenth century under the hands of the restorer. Between the Hall and the Chapel is the window of the Pension Chamber. The fine oriel window of the Hall contains much armorial glass of distinguished members of the Inn.

We now pass under the bridge that connects the Hall with the Common Room, and find ourselves in South Square, or Holborn Court as it used to be called, and here on the pleasant strip of grass is the statue by Pomeroy of Francis Bacon erected in his honour some three hundred years after his death. Bacon wrote in his will with greater truth than he perhaps realized: 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations and the next ages.'

To see the Hall, application should be made at the Under Treasurer's Office, in the north-east corner of South Square. The most convenient times are from 10.30 to 12, or from 3 to 4 in the afternoon. The fine library is housed above the office, and contains some 30,000 volumes. You will first

be shown the Pension Room, which contains portraits of Lord Burleigh by Gerard, Sir Christopher Yelverton (1602), Judge of King's Bench; Timothy Healy, K.C., by Sir John Lavery, and other worthies. Interesting recent additions are portraits of the Hon. J. M. Beck, late Solicitor-General of the U.S.A., and the Hon. Paul Cravath, by Sir William Orpen, a graceful reminiscence of the visit of the American lawyers to the lawyers of Great Britain in 1924.

The interesting Chapel is then visited. It was thoroughly restored in 1893 when the Tudor windows on the south were opened out; the east window commemorates three archbishops who were members of the Inn: Whitgift of Croydonian fame, Juxon who was with Charles I on the scaffold, and Laud. Archbishop Wake was Preacher to the Inn, 1688; Thomas Becket, who has his place with the others, formerly had a whole window to his honour in the Chapel, but this was destroyed under the general Direction in 1549. The stained glass by George Ostrehan was inserted 1895–9. As in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and some of the cathedrals, the Bidding Prayer is repeated at morning services before the Lord's Prayer.

We now enter the Old Pension Chamber, which is panelled with mahogany, and possesses a handsome ceiling. It contains more portraits, Lord Verulam among them, and a very attractive

portrait of Sir Samuel Romilly attributed to Lawrence. We then pass into the Great Hall of the Inn, which is very like but smaller than the Hall of the Middle Temple, and of almost the same date. At the west end is a magnificent Renaissance screen and minstrel gallery. The windows are emblazoned with armorial glass, and at the east end is a daïs for the high table. Here was the centre of the old life of the Inn, here the members had their meals, warmed by a fire in the centre of the Hall, the smoke escaping from the Tudor smoke louvre in the roof. Here were held the revels and masques for which the Inn was famous. On the walls are portraits of Queen Elizabeth in her twenty-sixth year,—on grand days it is still the custom to drink in Hall to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth—Charles I and Charles II, Francis Bacon and his father Sir Nicholas, and many others, including Lord Glenavy by Sir William Orpen, and the Earl of Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor, 1919–22. The handsome oriel window is filled with heraldic glass. The Hall was in frightful peril during the German air raids, as an incendiary bomb fell into and set fire to the adjoining robing-room.

At No. 1 South Square, as before mentioned, Charles Dickens, on leaving school in 1827, became an attorney's clerk to Mr. Edward Blackmore, who was well acquainted with his parents, the

firm afterwards removing to Raymond Buildings. At No. 8 Macaulay occupied chambers from 1829 to 1834, the site is now covered by the Library. The passage to the south-west leads to the gateway into Holborn, made in 1594. Whitgift had a chamber here over the gate.

We will, however, pass again into Gray's Inn Square and turn into the Gray's Inn Road by the Old Gate where Jacob Tonson had his bookseller's shop. He was Dryden's publisher, and issued Addison's poem, *The Campaign*; he also acquired the copyright of *Paradise Lost*.

Across the road, opposite to us, is Baldwin's Gardens, perhaps named after Richard Baldwin, one of the royal gardeners, who built houses here in Elizabeth's time. Tom Brown, the poet (d. 1704), dated some verses from the Hole in the Wall. You will still find the Hole in the Wall in Baldwin's Gardens. We will, however, go towards Holborn and pass through Fox Court, where the child of the Countess of Macclesfield was born in a resort of thieves and bad characters. Richard Savage, whose life was written by Dr. Johnson, pretended to be that child. We pass into Brooke Street and turn to the left to St. Alban's Church, the scene of the devoted labours of the Rev. Alex. Heriot Mackonochie, the first vicar, and afterwards those of 'Father' Stanton. The church was planted in a slum, and actually stands on the site of a training school for young pickpockets.

It was built, 1860–63, from the designs of William Butterfield, and was always noteworthy for extreme ritualistic ceremonial. The land was given by Lord Leigh, and the cost, £35,000, defrayed by Lord Addington.

> Free for ever to Christ's poor this church is built and endowed in thankful acknowledgment of his mercies by a humble steward of God's bounty

is the inscription over the north entrance. The lofty church is well worth seeing,—with its chantry chapel, with a table tomb and recumbent effigy of the Rev. A. H. Stanton—its fine tabernacle work, its carved reredos, reminding one of those of St. Albans and Winchester, and the lofty spire-like font cover. The church contains a picture of *St. George Slaying the Dragon*, given in memory of a friend by Sir James Linton, the artist.

We return along Brooke Street, called after a great house belonging to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who was the patron of John Speed, the map maker.

Pepys notes in his *Diary*, July 3, 1668:

> To the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House the first time I was ever there, and found Sir W. Turner in the chair; and present Lord Halifax, Thomas Gregory Dunster and Osborne, I long with them, and see them hot set on this matter; but I did give them proper and safe answers.

It was in Brooke Street that the brilliant and unfortunate boy poet, Thomas Chatterton, took

Specially drawn by *Harold Oakley*

THE GARDENS, STAPLE INN

his life. He had arrived from Bristol and settled here in June, and poured forth satires, squibs, and stories. For a while his prospects seemed golden; he sent home glowing letters and presents for his mother and sister, but the end swiftly came. His patron, Lord Mayor Beckford, died, the dead season arrived, and, penniless and starving, he locked himself in his garret and was found next morning August 24, 1770, dead, poisoned with arsenic. It has been settled without doubt that the house in which he lodged was the second from Holborn on the west side, which was pulled down and rebuilt about 1890.

We are now in Holborn, close to the War Memorial to the 22,000 men of the Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment, who died for us in the Great War, and we will cross the road to the wonderful old gabled buildings of Staple Inn that have looked down upon the traffic of Holborn for three hundred years and are among the oldest houses in London.

We enter the quiet backwater of the Inn through a porch under a well-preserved circular Renaissance arch taking heed of the legend over the inner arch:

> The Porter has orders to prevent
> Old clothes men and others from calling articles
> for sale, also Rude children playing, etc.
> No horses allowed within this Inn,

and are now in the first of the two irregular

quadrangles called Staple Inn. It is so called because it was originally the hostel or inn of the merchants of the Wool Staple, that important article of commerce which all through the ages added to old England's wealth and reputation. Wool for the use of Britons and for exportation was the object of constant solicitude with our rulers, and the Lord Chancellor still sits in the House of Lords on the Woolsack. The Inn was long an important place of business for the wool staplers, but from the reign of Henry V it appears to have become an Inn of Chancery, which differed from the Inns of Court, chiefly on the two important points of rank and money. Students of the Inns of Chancery could become apprentices of the law at much smaller fees. In Elizabeth's time there were at Staple Inn 145 students in term and 69 out of term. The Inn was purchased by the Benchers of Gray's Inn as early as 1529, and it seems to have been apparently attached to it much earlier. It has always been a place of pleasantness and peace, and we may still call it, as did Sir George Buc in his work, *The Third University of England*, 1615, the 'fayrest Inne of Chancery in this Universitie.' Only a year or two back a fine plane tree with a circular seat surrounding its trunk stood in the centre of this quadrangle.

The porter will, on application at the lodge, show you the interior of the Hall, which is now in the occupation of the Institute of Actuaries, for the

Inn passed from the hands of the lawyers in 1884. Part was acquired by the Government for an extension of the Patent Office, and the two quadrangles and the Hall became the possession of the Prudential Assurance Company for £68,000. The southern quadrangle has been made into a pleasant rock garden, gay with bright flowers and water lily pools, and the people of London are greatly indebted to the public spirit of the directors who have saved this haven of refuge from becoming a block of towering flats and business offices.

The Hall, with its clock, mullioned windows, and louvre turret in the roof, is perhaps best viewed from the south side. The old clock once stopped with its hands at the figures 8 and 6, and evoked the following rhyming jibe :

> The Ancients' ancient clock was stopped
> Stopped by the hand of fate ;
> The fingers stood (of course they would)
> Stuck fast at ' six and eight.'

The fine hammer-beam roof of the Hall is of oak. The cross-beams carry curious carved upright ornaments similar to those carved by the New Zealand Maories, which seem to be rather a puzzle. There is the usual screen and minstrel gallery at the west end. The windows carry the armorial bearings of Principals and Pensioners; the date 1581 and the initials R. C. (Richard Champion) are carved on a corbel over the oriel window.

The history of the Inn has been pleasantly

treated by Sir T. Cato Worsfold in *Staple Inn and its Story*. Its worthies are many—from Sir Richard Hutton, Senior Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, who was one of the judges in the case of John Hampden, to Sir Alan Chambre, who died in 1823. Dr. Johnson moved here in 1759 from Gough Square, and most of *Rasselas* was probably written in Staple Inn. He is traditionally believed to have had chambers in No. 2. Another legal member—bookman and Shakespearean scholar—Isaac Reed, friend of Romney, Kemble and the Johnsonian group, lived first at No. 1, but later moved to No. 11, now covered by the Patent Office. His friend, George Steevens, used to walk from his house at Hampstead to begin work on his joint edition of Shakespeare at 2 a.m., for which early entry to his labours he was accommodated with a latch key.

We will close with Dickens's references to the Inn in *Edwin Drood*, the novel which he left uncompleted when he died. He there says of the Inn:

> It is one of those nooks the turning into which out of the clashing street, imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots

He places Mr. Grewgious in chambers with a doorway on which are still to be seen to-day what Dickens calls the mysterious initials:

P
J T
1747

They really stand for Principal John Thomson, who presided over the Inn for two terms in 1747, but we cannot forget the surmises which Dickens suggests: 'Perhaps John Thomas,' or 'Perhaps Joe Tyler,' or, on the occasion of the banquet attended by two waiters and brought across Holborn from the hotel in Furnival's, 'if P. J. T. in seventeen-forty-seven, or in any other year of his period, drank such wines—then, for a certainty, P. J. T. was Pretty Jolly Too.'

No. 23

'TWIXT PICCADILLY AND PALL MALL

BY

BASIL HODGSON

BY way of introduction to the area we are about to explore it is interesting to note that Faithorne's map of London, dated 1658, depicts St. James's Fields as unbuilt on, save for the Palace at the south-west corner and a few small buildings at the south end of what is now the Haymarket. Orchards were planted, and a part of the fields was used for recreation, particularly for the game of pall mall, then in the height of fashion, and from which the street and the Mall in the park derive their names. In Pepys' *Diary* we read of the market held at the north-west corner of the area between St. James's Square and the south end of Regent Street. This market, it would seem, took the place of a fair held near the Palace, which led to disorder and was closed. The market suffered the same fate in 1815, when Waterloo Place and Regent Street were planned in place of St. Albans Street and Market Street. Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Portugal Street, as Piccadilly was then called, were but country lanes.

'Twixt Piccadilly and Pall Mall

In 1654 permission was granted to burn bricks for houses, but Cromwell ordered a stay of all further building in 1658. After the Restoration, in 1662, Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, received confirmation of a sixty years' lease of Pall Mall Field, but it was not till 1665 that he seriously commenced to develop this area.

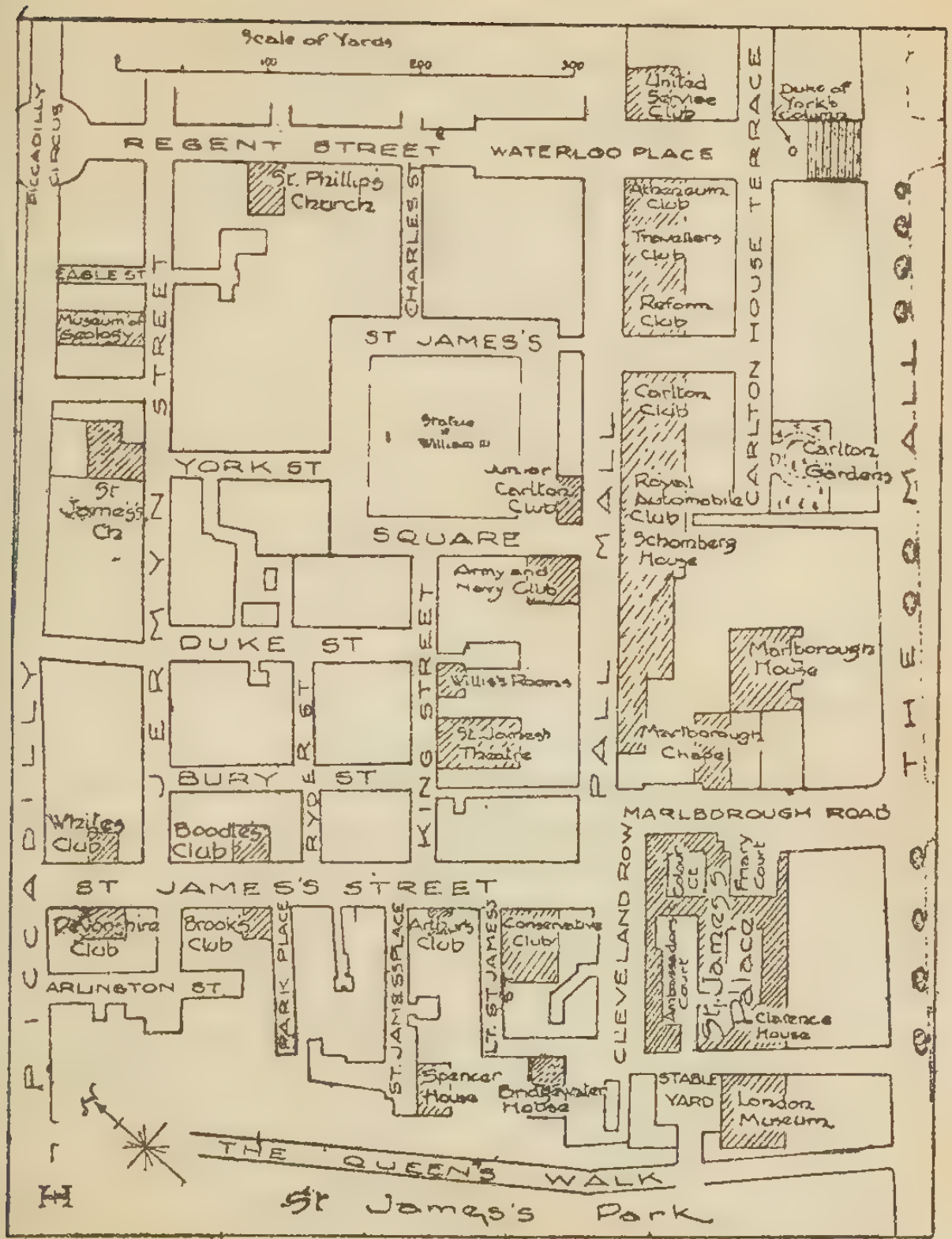
We will commence our ramble at the bottom of the steps in St. James's Park, at the foot of the granite column surmounted by the statue of the Duke of York, second son of George III, twice commander-in-chief of the army, and of whom the well-known marching song was written :

> Oh, the noble Duke of York,
> He had five thousand men,
> He marched them up to the top of the hill
> And he marched them down again. . . .

The column, 124 ft. in height, was designed by Benjamin Wyatt, and the bronze statue by Westmacott, the whole being erected by public subscription in the years 1830-3.

To the left and right extends Carlton House Terrace, with its stately houses facing the park. The name is derived from old Carlton House, on the site of which the column stands ; the gardens, designed by Kent, stretching westward to Marlborough House.

Carlton House was built in 1709 by Henry Boyle, first Baron Carleton, and later was acquired by Frederick, father of George III. In 1783,


Scale of Yards
100
200
300
REGENT STREET
WATERLOO PLACE
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
United Service Club
Duke of York's Column
CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE
THE MALL
St. Phillip's Church
CHARLES ST
EAGLE ST
Museum of Geology
ST JAMES'S STREET
Athenaeum Club
Travellers Club
Reform Club
Statue of William III
Junior Carlton Club
YORK ST
Carlton Club
Carlton Gardens
Royal Automobile Club
St James's Ch
SQUARE
Schomberg House
Army and Navy Club
DUKE ST
Marlborough House
KING STREET
Willis's Rooms
St James's Theatre
Marlborough Chapel
JERMYN ST
BURY ST
RYDER ST
MARLBOROUGH ROAD
Whites Club
Boodles Club
PALL MALL
CLEVELAND ROW
ST JAMES'S STREET
Edwd Ct
Mary Court
Ambassador Court
St James's Palace
Clarence House
Devonshire Club
Brooks Club
ARLINGTON ST
PARK PLACE
ST JAMES'S PLACE
Arthur's Club
Conservative Club
ST ST JAMES'S
Spencer House
Bridgewater House
STABLE YARD
London Museum
THE QUEEN'S WALK
St James's Park

George IV, when Prince of Wales, lived here, the house having been beautified and enlarged by Henry Holland. In 1826 the house was demolished, and some of the columns of the portico are now to be seen in the façade of the National Gallery.

At No. 11 Carlton House Terrace, the second house to the east facing the park, Mr. Gladstone resided (tablet on north front); No. 9—the corner house to the west—is the German Embassy, the scene of such poignant experiences at the outbreak of war. We will pass to the westward along the Terrace, a quiet backwater where the pigeons can be heard murmuring in the plane trees. In 1840 Prince Louis Napoleon lived at No. 1 at the west end.

In Carlton Gardens, a quiet square, overlooking the park, with a central garden containing a statue of Pan, Lord Palmerston resided at No. 4 (tablet), previous to his first Premiership, and Mr. W. Page, the American Ambassador, speaks in his *Letters* of dining here with Mr. Balfour, about the time when America entered the war. No. 2 (tablet) was the residence of Lord Kitchener during the early part of the war.

In Waterloo Place are several interesting statues; on the west side, that of the Crimean general, John Fox Burgoyne, by Boehm, and the Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin (Noble). In the centre is an equestrian statue of King Edward VII (Mackennal). On the east, the statue nearest the terrace is of

Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India (Boehm), next to Lord Clyde of Lucknow (Marochetti), and then that of the Antarctic explorer, Captain Robert Falcon Scott (Lady Scott).

The horse block at the side of the pavement in front of the United Service Club was placed there for the use of the Duke of Wellington (see inscription), who was the founder of that institution.

Farther to the north, in the centre of the road, is a group of statues, commemorating the Crimean War; on the right is Florence Nightingale, 'The Lady with the Lamp' (Walker), on the left Sydney Herbert (Foley), and in the centre stands the Guards' Monument (John Bell). Here is the junction of Pall Mall west and Pall Mall east.

Turn to the left into Charles Street. The corner house on the south side stands on the site of the lodging of that quaint son of the soil, James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), during his only visit to London in the winter of 1831. The street was named after King Charles II, and the western side was built in 1673. Chantrey, the famous sculptor, lived here and the house of Edmund Burke, in this street, was threatened by the Gordon rioters. At No. 4 (now incorporated with Nos. 3 and 5), George Canning lived in 1798.

On entering St. James's Square, turn to the left, and pause to survey what was once the most fashionable square in London; it has not yet lost all its old character and charm. In the centre

is an equestrian statue of William III (John Bacon, junior), erected in 1808 on a pedestal which was placed there about 1732. The well-kept gardens have replaced the lake and fountain that are shown in eighteenth-century prints. The house on the corner at which we stand, No. 33, now used as the Nova Scotia offices, is Derby House, built in 1676 by the twentieth Earl of Oxford, the first colonel of 'The Blues,' now the Life Guards. Next to Derby House is London House. The original building dated from 1676, and was the home of the Warwicks, Stanhopes, Bentincks, Hamiltons, and Grevilles; the see of London purchased the property in 1771, and five bishops lived here in succession. In 1820 it was rebuilt, and four other Bishops of London were residents; the last was Bishop Temple, in 1886.

Norfolk House, No. 31, in the corner, stands on the site of St. Albans House, the first to be built in the square. Here Henry Jermyn, Duke of St. Albans, took up residence the year after the Great Fire. In 1738-41, Frederick, Prince of Wales, lived here, and George III was born in a building still standing in the rear of the present Norfolk House, which structure probably dates from the occupation of the Duke of Portland, 1710-22. In 1743, the ninth Duke of Norfolk acquired the adjoining property and built the present house, which remains in the possession of the family.

St. James's Square

Continue along the south side of the square to the end, past the north façade of the Junior Carlton Club, to No. 21, Winchester House, rebuilt in 1771, and associated with the Dukes of Leeds till 1816. In 1829 the see of Winchester purchased the property and Bishop Sumner took up residence, followed by Bishops Wilberforce and Browne. In 1876 it was purchased by the Government. No. 26 was, from 1676, associated with the Apsleys and Bathursts, who held various offices under the Crown. From 1789–92 it was the home of William Wyndham Grenville, afterwards the Prime Minister who abolished the slave trade, 1807. It was rebuilt in 1771, and is one of the most delightful houses of the period designed by Robert Adam. Angelica Kauffman, Zucchi, and Cipriani contributed to the interior decoration. Nos. 17 and 18 stand on the site of old Halifax House, a great centre of politics and fashion during the two years preceding the death of James II. Queen Caroline, during her trial, occupied No. 17 before it was rebuilt and incorporated with No. 16 as the East India United Services Club. No. 18 was the town house of that courageous and discerning, although misunderstood, statesman, Lord Castlereagh. The present No. 16 was rented by the Duke of Wellington in 1828–9. Bright, Cobden, C. P. Villiers, and others of the same mind, must often have met here when it housed the Free Trade Club.

The Duchess of Richmond and Lennox (La Belle Stewart) was the first occupant of No. 15; she sat for the figure of Britannia which appears on the reverse of our copper coins.

The London Library, which Carlyle took an active part in founding, has occupied No. 14 since 1844. No. 13 dates from 1676, and was used by the Admiralty during the rebuilding of Wallingford House, Whitehall.

No. 12, built in 1676, now houses the British Empire Club, and was formerly the residence of the sixth Duke of Marlborough. The next three houses were built in 1737 on the site of Ormond House, which was Lord St. Albans' second residence in the Square (1677), from whom it passed to the Duke of Ormond, becoming a great centre of London society. No. 10, Chatham House, is perhaps the most interesting in the Square, for it has been the home of three Prime Ministers, William Pitt the elder, the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Gladstone. No. 8 was the London showroom of Wedgwood pottery, from 1796 to 1830. Lord Palmerston lived at No. 3, 1717–67; Sir John Lubbock, banker and scientist, also resided here.

Leaving the Square on the north side by York Street, named after James II when Duke of York, we pass two narrow turnings, that on the left named after the Ormond family, and that on the right reminding us that the fields here were famous for their apple orchards.

Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

We now enter Jermyn Street, which bears the family name of the Duke of St. Albans, and was first built about 1667. This street has always been famous for the number of family hotels, and was a welcome refuge for many of the French fugitives. To the right, a few doors along on the south side, are the headquarters of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and almost opposite is the Museum of Practical Geology, designed by Sir James Pennethorne in 1850 (*open free from* 10 *a.m. till* 5 *p.m.*) The collection of gem stones on the first floor is well worth seeing. The chief building of interest in this street is St. James's Church, designed by Sir Christopher Wren and built at the expense of Henry Jermyn. Its description, however, falls more naturally in a Piccadilly ramble.

Passing westward, when Mr. Gladstone first entered Parliament he occupied chambers over a corn-chandler's shop, which stood near the north-west corner of York Street. The Hotel Jules, which has been rebuilt, has on the wall a tablet recording the site of Sir Isaac Newton's house, where he lived from 1697–1709. The Cavendish Hotel adjoining is a charming example of an eighteenth century habitation, full of old furniture and interesting prints. We next come to the Hammam Turkish Baths, formerly St. James's Hotel, to which Sir Walter Scott was brought on his way home from the Continent during his last illness in

White's Club

1832. Allan Cunningham tells the story of finding several working-men late one night standing at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him—as if there was but one deathbed in London—'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'

At this end of Jermyn Street many well-known characters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have stayed, including the great Duke of Marlborough when Colonel Churchill. Thomas Gray wrote to Mason asking him to look for a lodging in Jermyn Street. 'I won't pay more than half a guinea a week for it, nor put up with a second floor, unless it has a tolerable room to the street.'

Enter St. James's Street and turn to the right. Nos. 37 and 38, on the east side, house White's Club, which has been in existence in the street for over two hundred years. It is, however, impossible in our space to enter fully into the histories of the numerous clubs that are, and have existed, in this area. White's was originally White's Chocolate House, founded in 1693, when these institutions were the fashion. From 1736 the records of the Club are nearly complete. Among the names of its members are most of the celebrities of its day. Walpole's letters are full of references to it. Pitt, Fox, Melbourne, Palmerston, Beau Brummell, Castlereagh, Sheridan, and hundreds of well-known men dined, intrigued, and gambled here.

Opposite is the Devonshire Club, a building to which four columns in front were added in 1873, and originally designed by the Wyatt brothers in 1827 for Crockford's, another notorious gaming hell.

A little south of the Devonshire Club is Bennet Street, leading to Arlington Street, both named after Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington. The former street was made in 1679, and here, at No. 4, Byron lodged (tablet); the latter, which was built in 1689, has always been one of the most aristocratic quarters in London. Sir Robert Walpole lived at No. 5 (tablet), and Horace was born at a smaller house on the other side, which his father had previously occupied. At No. 9, also on the east side, was the home of Charles James Fox (tablet), and in a house on this side Lord and Lady Nelson stayed in the winter of 1800–1, and here they finally parted company. To-day such names as Salisbury, Cecil, Wimborne, are to be found in this street. Returning to St. James's Street, Nos. 57 and 58 are the new University Club, and almost opposite, a little to the north, is Crown and Sceptre Court, a panelled passage leading to the Sandow Institute; lower down St. James's Street, also on the left, is Boodle's Club, the fine façade of which was designed by Robert Adam in 1765. Boodle's was founded in 1762, and in its early days was noted for gaiety, play, and good dinners. Gibbon dates several of his letters from here; it is now essentially a country gentlemen's club.

Brooks's Club

No. 60, opposite at the corner of Park Place, is Brooks's, in the latter part of the eighteenth century a great Whig institution, and like the others a great gaming-house. The old betting book of the club is still preserved. The building was designed by Henry Holland and the club, founded in 1764, was the rival of White's and numbered among its members such men as Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Gibbon, Hume, Horace Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. This club holds the distinction of containing another institution within itself, the Fox Club founded in memory of that great debater.

Park Place, a street turning westward, dates from 1683. Vernon House at the west end was, in 1835, the residence of Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India; it now houses the Overseas Club. Pitt retired to No. 12 in 1801. David Hume was another resident.

A disreputable character living here was the 'Mother Needham' referred to by Pope and drawn by Hogarth, who kept a disorderly house, and was put in the pillory on the spot. Opposite Park Place is Ryder Street, down which we turn, leading across Bury Street to Duke Street. The western portion was once known as Little Ryder Street, and here Swift had rooms in 1712. Bury (Berry) Street, which we cross, is named after a half-pay officer named Berry (d. 1735) and has been the home and lodging of many well-known characters, among them Sir Richard Steele, Swift,

Tom Moore, and Crabbe, and also that great character of fiction, Thackeray's Major Pendennis.

We pass on and turn to the right in Duke Street, which can also boast its share of celebrities, Edmund Burke had here his last London lodgings at No. 67. Campbell the poet lived where No. 10 now is. Captain Marryat had lodgings in the street, and the famous naturalist, William Yarrell, whose histories of birds and fishes are well known, lived and died at a house at the junction of Duke and Ryder Streets. In a lodging here over a livery stable yard, Dickens placed Twemlow, that 'innocent piece of dinner furniture that went upon easy castors'—*Our Mutual Friend*.

To those interested in old furniture and pictures, this area is a haunt of collectors, and the mart of many well-known dealers in works of art.

At the bottom, King Street is reached, and turning to the left, a house on the north side will be seen, where Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III, lodged as an exile from 1838–40 (tablet). King Street was noted in 1767 for Almack's Assembly Rooms, perhaps the most fashionable resort of the eighteenth century, which were situated on the south side opposite Duke Street. The rooms were built by a Scotsman named Macall (Almack is a reversed form of the name), in 1764, in opposition to Carlisle House, Soho Square (see Ramble 14). It was managed by a committee of ladies of rank, and admission was

much coveted. Maurice Hewlett, in his novel, *The Stooping Lady*, gives us a good picture of the life of the fashionable folk in this neighbourhood. After the accession of Queen Victoria, Almack's became known as Willis's Rooms, where concerts and lectures were held. Here Charles Kemble gave Shakespearean readings and Thackeray delivered his lectures on *The English Humourists* to large and distinguished audiences. Opposite at No. 8 are Christie's famous sale rooms. A sale of pictures here is well worth attending. Almost adjoining Willis's Rooms is St. James's Theatre, built in 1835 for Braham, the singer, and where later Madame Rachel scored some of her notable successes. In 1879 the theatre was remodelled and has been associated with the Kendals, Sir John Hare, and Sir George Alexander. Nelson, on his return after the battle of the Nile, stayed at an hotel named Nerot's, then No. 19.

We now again reach St. James's Street and, crossing to the west side, at No. 64, against Blue Ball Yard (worth entering to see the old stables in the courtyard), is the Cocoa Tree Club, which in the reign of Queen Anne was a famous chocolate house. In its early days it was the headquarters of the Jacobites. Swift, Gibbon, and Byron were among the club members.

St. James's Place, opposite King Street, dates from about 1694, and apart from its associations, is interesting because of the number of picturesque

houses still remaining. Addison and John Wilkes lodged here, Warren Hastings had a house here, and Mrs. Delany died in St. James's Place.

Spencer House, at the south-west end, still retaining its link extinguishers at the doorway, was designed about 1776 by James Stuart, and the park front by John Vardy, with internal decoration by Zucchi.

But perhaps the most interesting house is No. 22, where Samuel Rogers, author of *The Pleasures of Memory* and *Italy*, the wealthy banker-poet, with his unkind tongue but generous and kindly heart, lived from 1803 until his death in 1855. He lived surrounded with books, pictures, and works of art. His collection sold at his death for £50,000, and here he entertained and helped all the well-known literary people and artists of his day, and raised the giving of breakfasts to a fine art.

Retracing our steps again and keeping to the west of St. James's Street, Arthur's Club, named from Mr. Arthur, the original proprietor of White's Chocolate House, stands on the site of the original White's, Nos. 69–70. On the corner of Little St. James's Street is Rumpelmayers' famous establishment, and on the south side, the Conservative Club built in 1840 to the design of Sydney Smirke and Bassevi. The club stands on the site of the house in which Gibbon died. The Thatched House Club, founded 1865, adjoins. The

Thatched House Tavern, a famous meeting-place, stood next door up to 1843. Nos. 7 and 8 St. James's Street on the east side are replaced by a new building named Byron House, for at No. 8 Byron was living when the publication of *Childe Harold* in 1812 ran rapidly through many editions and made him suddenly famous. No. 6, Messrs. Lock & Co., the hatters, and No. 3, Messrs. Berry Bros., are remarkable old shops. The former is in all probability much the same as it was in the reign of George III, when the name first appeared over the premises. The latter was a wine shop in the reign of Queen Anne, and the interior has been beautifully drawn by Mr. Muirhead Bone in that delightful book, *The London Perambulator*. Note the old sign over the door. By the side of No. 3 is the entrance to Pickering Place, a quaint little court with a sundial and old red brick houses which takes one back to the London of two hundred years ago.

Before leaving St. James's Street, a good prospect of the façade of the Palace with its fine embattled Tudor gateway is obtained from this point. It is a good example of brickwork of this period, as is the gateway in Chancery Lane and that of Lambeth Palace.

At the foot of the street, to the right, is Cleveland Row, leading to Cleveland Square, both of which derive their names from Charles II's Duchess of Cleveland. Bridgewater House on the north of the

square takes the place of one built by the Earl of Berkshire in the reign of Charles I, and was then known as Berkshire House. Both Pepys and Evelyn were visitors when Lord Clarendon was living here. In the year 1668, Charles II presented the house to Lady Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, whose name it afterwards bore.

Largely rebuilt and refaced to the design of Sir Charles Barry for the first Earl of Ellesmere, in 1884, it has since remained in the possession of that family. In this mansion is one of the finest private collections of pictures in England, and permission to view can be obtained by application in writing to Lord Ellesmere. Lord George Gordon was a resident in the Cleveland Square in 1785, Lord Castlereagh in 1803, and Theodore Hook from 1827–1831.

To the south of this square is Stable Yard leading to St. James's Park, and on the south side is Lancaster House, formerly Stafford House. This, one of the finest private residences in London, is now the London Museum, invaluable to the student of London history and topography, where a wonderful collection of relics of the metropolis from prehistoric times is to be seen. The late Lord Leverhulme purchased the house and presented it to the nation, thus enabling various collections to be brought together under one roof. *Admission, Tuesdays* 1s.; *Wednesdays and Thursdays,* 6*d.*; *others days free from* 10 *to* 6. (*Winter*

months, 10 *to* 4) (*except Fridays and Sundays*, 2 *to* 6; *winter*, 2 *to* 4).

The house was originally built for the Duke of York, George III's son, partly on the site of Godolphin House, the last residence of Charles James Fox. It was afterwards the possession of the first Duke of Sutherland. The exterior was designed by Benjamin Wyatt, the upper story added by Sir Charles Barry, who was also responsible for the interior.

On the east side of Stable Yard is Ambassadors' Court, one of the four courts of the Palace, on the north side of which are the chambers of the Prince of Wales, known as York House.

St. James's Palace dates from the reign of Henry VIII and stands on the site of a mediaeval hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. James. Embodied in the present palace are the remains of a Tudor house, of which the gateway and parts of the chapel are the chief remains. Additions and alterations on a large scale were made in the seventeenth century, and much of the building on the north-west and south sides of Ambassadors' Court is of seventeenth-century date. The place is full of memories; here Charles I spent his last few days, walking across the park to his execution at Whitehall (see Ramble 18). Here also Charles II was born. The palace became the official residence of the reigning sovereign after Whitehall was destroyed by fire, remaining so until the death of

William IV, and to this day the Court is known as the Court of St. James.

On the east side of Ambassadors' Court is the Chapel Royal, with some original interior work and a ceiling, said to be the work of Holbein. *The public are admitted to service at 4 p.m. on Sundays, and, on application to the Dean, by ticket to service at 12.15 p.m.*

Returning to Stable Yard and continuing southward, the white house on the left is Clarence House, built for William IV when Duke of Clarence, and afterwards occupied by Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent; it is now the home of the Duke of Connaught. The park is now reached, and on turning to the left a fine view is obtained of the Mall and the water beyond the trees of St. James's Park. Pass along the embattled red brick park face of the palace, and turn left again, but before proceeding notice Marlborough House on the right, because it can be seen only from this side. This fine mansion of red brick with stone facings is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and was built during the years 1707–10 for the great Duke of Marlborough and his Duchess, Sarah. Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, the late Queen Alexandra, King Edward VII, and the present King and Queen, have all made Marlborough House their town residence. An upper story and state rooms were added to the house by James Vardy.

In 1861, during alterations, the walls were dis-

Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

covered to be painted by Laguerre with scenes of the Duke's battles. We now pass on the left Friary Court, where, from the gallery, the heralds make Coronation proclamations, and the ceremony of changing the guard takes place at 10.30 a.m. when the King and Queen are absent from London. This court was originally enclosed, but the buildings on the east side were destroyed by fire in 1809 and not rebuilt. The arched colonnade ahead of us with stone Doric columns may be dated from the late seventeenth century.

Opposite Friary Court is Marlborough Chapel, belonging to the Palace, and originally built for Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II, c. 1662; the interior is an interesting example of the period. At present the building is used for the Danish Church, *services on Sundays at 4 p.m.*

Pall Mall is now reached, and on turning to the right it will be noticed that the entrance to Marlborough House against the corner is hardly as imposing as would be expected; this, it is said, is due to Sir Robert Walpole, who bought up the leases of property here to prevent Duchess Sarah making the noble entrance she desired. Passing eastward along the north side, No. 79, now the Eagle Star Insurance Office, is believed to stand on the site of the house occupied by Nell Gwynn, that had a garden opening on to the Mall.

Next door is the old War Office, Schomberg House, a red brick building of which the eastern

portion has disappeared. The building was first erected in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the southern part of the remaining west wing is probably of that date. The rest of the house, which included an east wing pulled down in 1850, was rebuilt in 1698 by the third Duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne and who is buried in the Abbey. The house has since been the home of several artists—John Astley, the miniature painter, lived here, during which time he divided the house into three and placed the relief over the doorway. The centre portion was also the home of another miniature painter, Richard Cosway, R.A., who was a friend of the Prince Regent, and famous for designing snuff-box lids. Gainsborough lived in the remaining wing, and here Sir Joshua Reynolds sat to him for his portrait and was also present when he died. No. 83 is the tourist department of the Royal Automobile Club and adjoining is the Club itself, built in 1911. Opposite, at the entrance to St. James's Square, is the Army and Navy Club for those not eligible for the United Service Club, and on the opposite corner the Junior Carlton Club, designed by David Brandon.

Next to the Royal Automobile Club is the famous conservative club, the Carlton, founded in 1828 by the Duke of Wellington. The first building was designed by Sir Robert Smirke in 1826, the present one by Sydney Smirke, 1854, is

founded on one of the fronts of the Library of St. Mark's, Venice. The next building is the Reform Club, the chief Liberal institution, founded c. 1830 and designed by Sir Charles Barry; adjoining this is the Travellers' Club, also by Barry, 1832, modelled after the Villa Pandolfini, Florence.

On the corner is the Athenaeum Club for men of literary, scientific, and artistic distinction. The building, designed by Decimus Burton, contains one of the finest club libraries, and among the countless interesting names associated with this institution are those of the Hon. John Wilson Croker, who with Sir Humphrey Davy and others was the founder, Sir Charles Barry, Bishop Wilberforce, Ruskin, Cobden, Huxley, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Trollope, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many more. We are now back again at our starting-place.

No. 24

FROM THE VINTRY TO BLACKFRIARS AND BACK AGAIN

BY

ALBERT C. DABBS, F.R.G.S.

THE history of Upper Thames Street has in part been dealt with in Ramble No. 17. We are now mainly concerned with the portion lying west of Queen Street.

According to some authorities Thames Street, divided by London Bridge Approach into Lower and Upper Thames Street and extending from the Tower to Blackfriars, dates from about the ninth century. It took the line of the demolished Roman south wall of the City running parallel with the river—very much as the boulevards in Paris and other Continental cities were laid out along the site of former walls.

We start near the Mansion House Station (Underground) at the southern end of Queen Street, looking in one direction towards Southwark Bridge and in the other towards the Guildhall. At the north-east corner there is a churchyard, now laid out as a public garden, which represents the

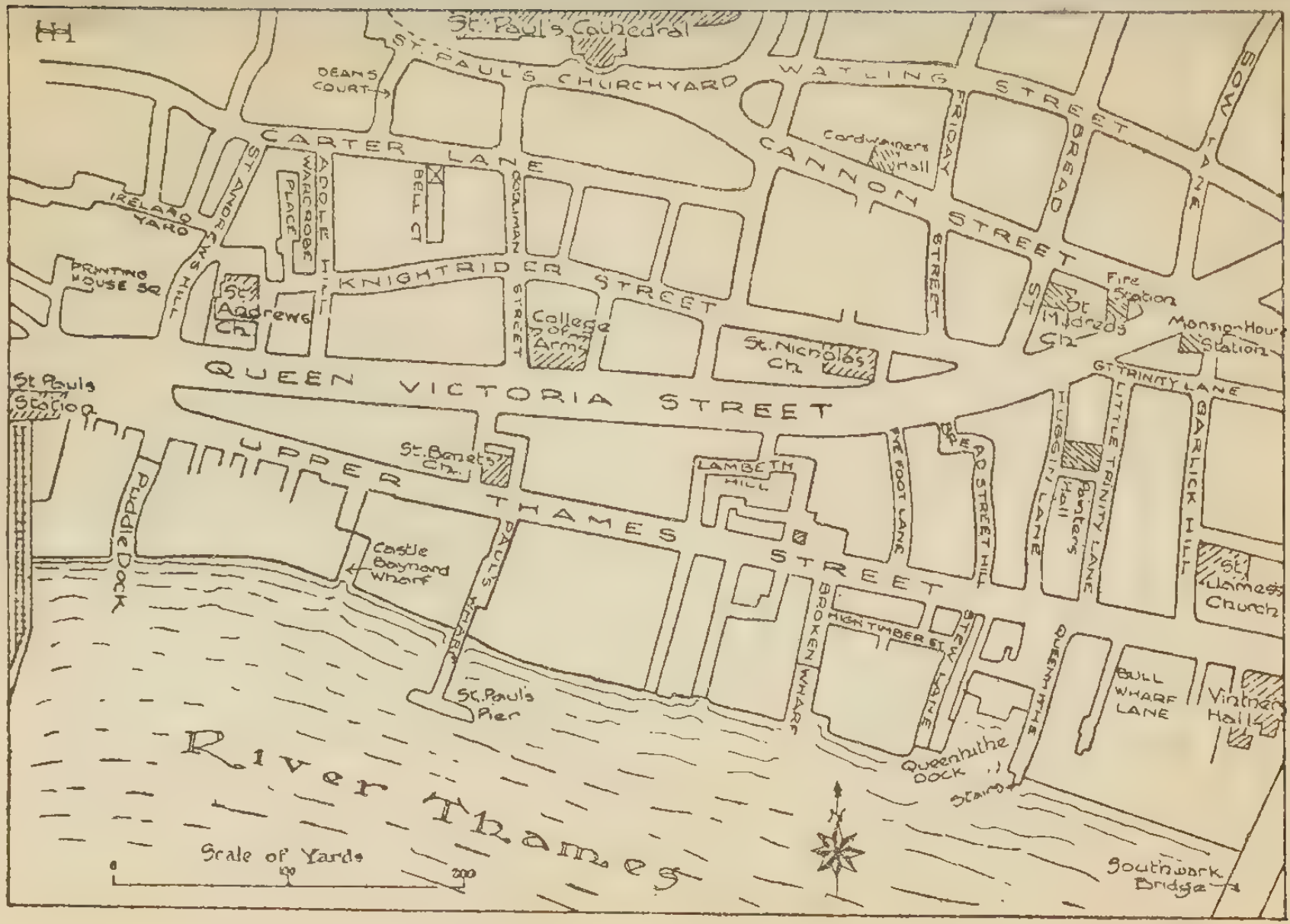
church of St. Martin-in-the-Vintry, burned in the Great Fire and not rebuilt. John Stow, the Elizabethan historian, calls it 'a fair parish church,' and mentions the names of several city magnates who were buried therein.

From early times, this must have been one of the busiest quarters in the city; the proximity of the river naturally induced merchants to build their warehouses and homes along its banks. This particular part of Thames Street was the centre of the wine trade, and ships from Bordeaux and other wine-exporting ports discharged their cargoes at the riverside wharves.

Stow speaks of a house 'next over against St. Martin's Church' called the Vintry, and two vintner mayors, Sir John Gisors and Sir Henry Picard, lived there. The division of the city at this part is still called the Ward of Vintry.

Turning westward, on the south side of Upper Thames Street, is Vintners' Hall, with two swans in the iron screen at the gate. The Vintners' Company ranks eleventh on the list of the twelve 'Great Companies' of the City, and according to Stow, it was in existence in 1256, and in 1364 received a charter from Edward III. This was confirmed by Henry VI, who granted another charter in 1438, by which the Vintners were first incorporated as a Company.

The ancient Hall of the Company, which was in existence in 1352, was destroyed in the Great Fire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St. Paul's Cathedral
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
DEANS COURT
WATLING STREET
CARTER LANE
CANNON STREET
FRIDAY STREET
BREAD STREET
BOW LANE
Cordwainers Hall
IRELAND YARD
ST. ANDREW HILL
WARDROBE PLACE
ADDLE HILL
BELL YARD
OGLE MAN
KNIGHTRIDER STREET
PRINTING HOUSE SQ
St. Andrew Ch.
College of Arms
St. Nicholas Ch.
St. Mildreds Ch.
Fire Station
Mansion House Station
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
St. Pauls Station
UPPER THAMES STREET
St. Benets Ch.
LAMBETH HILL
Castle Baynard Wharf
PUDDLE DOCK
DOWGATE HILL
PEAR TREE COURT
FOOT LANE
PEAR STREET HILL
HUGGIN LANE
Barbers Hall
GT TRINITY LANE
LITTLE TRINITY LANE
GARLICK HILL
St. James Church
BROKEN WHARF
HIGH TIMBER ST.
STEW LANE
QUEENHITHE
BULL WHARF LANE
Vintners Hall
St. Pauls Pier
Queenhithe Dock
Stairs
River Thames
Scale of Yards
Southwark Bridge

and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. It was again rebuilt in 1820 and little remains of Wren's work. In addition to the beautiful Livery Hall, there are the Court Room and other fine apartments and a magnificent staircase. The Company possesses a number of treasures, including some valuable plate and an antique needlework 'hearse-cloth' or pall, which was formerly used at the burial of a member of the Company.

Mention has already been made (in Ramble No. 17) of a curious custom which still survives in connexion with the annual service of the Company —the sweeping of the street by porters with long brooms in front of the procession to church. Another custom is carried out at the dinners of the Company, the toast of 'The Vintners' Company and Five,' which consists of drinking 'Prosperity to the Vintners' Company' with five (instead of the customary three) cheers. This perpetuates the memory of the historic feast at which Sir Henry Picard, Vintner and Mayor, entertained, in 1363 at the Vintry, five kings (of England, Scotland, France, Denmark, and Cyprus).

The Company, with that of the Dyers, have the privilege of keeping swans upon the waters of the Thames—otherwise a royal prerogative. In July, the 'swan-markers' of the Crown and the two Companies journey by river to the upper reaches of the Thames when the marking or 'upping' of the cygnets takes place. The Junior Warden of

the Company is known as the ' Swan Warden ' and the swan, as well as St. Martin, the patron saint of the Company, is in evidence in the decorations of the Hall.

A little westward and opposite the Hall is Garlick Hill, on the east side of which is the church of St. James, Garlick Hithe. [Note how often the word hithe (wharf) occurs in street names in this riverside neighbourhood.] Stow says that the church and street were so called from the fact that garlick was sold in the vicinity.

The church was of ancient origin and was rebuilt as long ago as 1326. Stow calls it ' a proper church ' and he details the many notables who were buried there. It perished in the Great Fire and Wren again rebuilt it between 1676 and 1683. The church is known as ' Wren's Lanthorn ' from the number of its windows.

The stone lantern of the tower is of great beauty, and should be compared with that of the neighbouring church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and with the western towers of St. Paul's. The projecting clock has a quaint gilded figure of St. James represented conventionally as a wandering pilgrim with staff, shell, and wallet. The scallop shell, which is his badge, is still remembered in a degenerate fashion in the street children's ' grotto,' which originated in the celebration of ' Grotto Day ' on St. James' Day, July 25th.

The interior, which is dignified and picturesque,

has unfortunately suffered from injudicious 'restoration,' but it still possesses some interesting features. There is some good carving, notably the organ case and font cover over a chalice-shaped font. A large painting of the Ascension by Geddes is above the altar. Two iron sword rests, one from the destroyed church of St. Michael, Queenhithe (nearly every city church possesses a sword-rest, in which the city sword is placed on the occasion of a state visit by the Lord Mayor), and two wrought-iron hat racks, are worth attention. The peg on the backboard of the pulpit (also from St. Michael's) was probably placed there to accommodate the preacher's wig when he wished to discard it on an unusually warm day!

The church possesses some fine pre-Fire communion plate and the registers date back to 1535. A curious relic is preserved in a cupboard in the church. It is that of a mummified body of a young man, discovered in the course of restoration and, according to tradition, was at one time believed by the more ignorant among the parishioners to be St. James himself. There is a list of rectors from 1259 and Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator* (No. 147) has left an interesting account of a visit to the church.

Westward, along Thames Street, are, on the left, three or four narrow lanes running down to the waterside, and just before reaching Bull Wharf Lane the Ward of Queenhithe is entered. This

takes its name from Queen Hithe (or Wharf), a small dock which still exists a little farther west. It is of great antiquity and was formerly known as Edred's Hithe, from Ethelred, the son-in-law of Alfred the Great, who constructed it early in the tenth century. Queenhithe Ward was known for at least two centuries as the Soke of Ethelredshith. The ownership of the dock passed to the Crown and from the time of Matilda, the wife of Henry I, its revenues furnished part of the income of the Queens Consort of England.

Henry III enacted that all corn and fish coming into the City by water should be landed here, and this arbitrary law was one of the causes of the unpopularity of his Queen, Eleanor of Provence, with the people of London. Then, as in later times, the wharf was a centre of great activity, and as most of the grain arriving in London was unloaded here, the immediate district became something of a corn market. Some authorities derive its name from this circumstance (queen-quern or corn) rather than from its association with royalty.

A good view of the river, with Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges, is to be obtained from Queenhithe Stairs, and crossing the square westward into Darkhouse Lane another fine prospect is seen. Bankside, with its Shakespearean associations (see Ramble No. 7), lies immediately across the river and to the south-east, across the line of Southwark Bridge, is seen the tower of Southwark Cathedral.

Notice should be taken of the street posts in these lanes. According to tradition they are cannon which were captured during the Napoleonic Wars.

Returning to Thames Street, opposite Queenhithe is Little Trinity Lane, at the top of which and on the west side is Painter Stainer's Hall. In the old Hall, which stood on the same site, a relief committee met during the Great Plague of 1665, and after the Fire the present Hall was erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren and enlarged in 1880. The Company, which was in existence as early as the fourteenth century, was incorporated in 1467. The Hall is small but picturesque and contains some good paintings and plate.

Turning into Huggin Court, and passing a cobbler's and other queer little shops, we come into Huggin Lane, where is St. James's Parish Hall, with a bell from the demolished church of St. Michael Queenhithe in a turret. In front is a garden, once the churchyard of St. Michael, and on the other side of the garden is the one-time rectory of St. James Garlick Hithe, now converted into offices. It is surmounted by the top of the tower of St. Michael's with its gilded vane, consisting of a ship, beneath which is a ball reputed to be just large enough to contain a bushel of grain, a recalling of the former trade of the locality.

On reaching Thames Street again we note a tablet on the house adjoining the rectory denoting the site of the church of St. Michael Queenhithe.

St. Michael's Church, Queenhithe

There was a church here in 1291, and Stow speaks of it as 'a convenient church, but all the monuments therein are defaced.' After the Great Fire, it was rebuilt by Wren. It was a church of considerable interest, rich in carving and possessing some fine ironwork. It was pulled down in 1876 and some of the monuments and fittings were removed to St. James Garlick Hithe.

Retracing our steps and crossing Thames Street again, we turn down Stew Lane, a place of evil repute in Stow's day, and pass along High Timber Street on the right. On reaching Broken Wharf, we turn again into Thames Street. Here, in olden times, was the palace of the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk.

Almost opposite Broken Wharf eastward is Fye Foot Lane, which derives its curious name from its narrow proportions—Five Foot Lane. Narrow though it is to-day, it must have been widened a little since it was named. All these narrow, winding lanes, running precipitously in the direction of the river, are worthy of exploration. In an adjoining turning, Bread Street Hill, now given up to warehouses, there were in Stow's time 'divers fair houses.' The 'convenient church' of St. Nicholas Olave (a most unusual case, in London, of a double dedication) was also here and, with a neighbouring church, St. Mary Mounthaw, perished in the Great Fire. Neither was rebuilt.

We now arrive at the isolated tower of St. Mary

Somerset (probably Somers Hithe) Church. There has been a church on this site from the twelfth century. After the Great Fire, it was rebuilt by Wren, but was marked for destruction in 1871, though the tower, with its curious pinnacles, was saved. For more than forty years it remained solitary and neglected, but recently it has been cleaned and repaired and now does good service in affording a place for rest and recreation for women workers in the city. Little is known of the original church. Stow says that the churchyard was the meeting-place of the weavers of Brabant who had settled in London.

By the side of the tower is Lambeth Hill which, making a bend, returns to Thames Street again. The eastern bend was formerly Old Fish Street Hill and the Bishop of Hereford's ' Inn ' was here in the sixteenth century. The modern rectory of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey was built on part of St. Mary Somerset churchyard.

A little farther west is the churchyard of St. Peter Paul's Wharf, or St. Peter Parva, a small church which was not rebuilt after the Great Fire. It was one of those few churches in London where the Book of Common Prayer was in use during the Commonwealth. Evelyn, the diarist, records a visit to this church during that time.

We now enter Castle Baynard Ward, and on the right is the church of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf. There was a church here in 1181, and was one of

the four churches in London dedicated to St. Benedict—the others have all disappeared. Inigo Jones was buried in the old church but his tomb perished with it in the Great Fire.

It is probable that Shakespeare refers to the church in *Twelfth Night* (Act V, Sc. 1) :

> Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

Shakespeare must have known this part of the City well. One of the theatres in which he had an interest was in Blackfriars, and he owned a house in Ireland Yard near by.

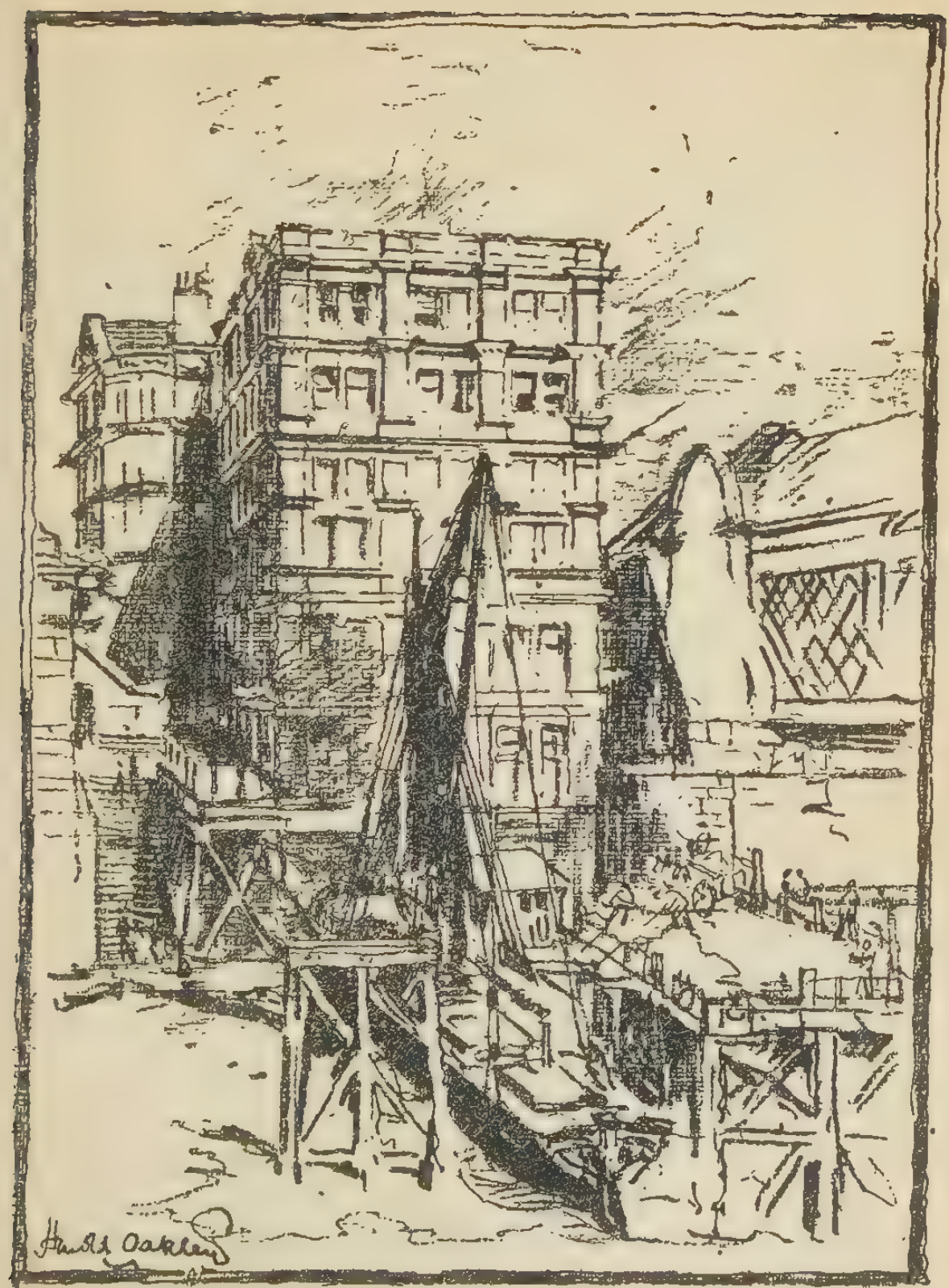
Wren rebuilt St. Benet's after the Great Fire, and it is perhaps the most satisfactory of his brick churches. The red wall with its sculptured festoons which forms the Thames Street frontage is especially pleasing. Since 1878 it has been the Welsh Metropolitan Church in London, and services in that language are held every Sunday. There is some good carving (the reading desk, font, and communion table in particular) and the church possesses some fine plate. Unfortunately the opportunities of inspecting the church are rare, as unlike other city churches, it is closed between one service and the next. Fielding, the novelist, was married in this church, and several persons connected with Doctors' Commons and Heralds' College have found burial here. The churchyard

was practically swept away on the making of Queen Victoria Street in 1870.

On the other side of the street is Paul's Pier Wharf, which leads down to St. Paul's steamboat pier, and looking backward gives a fine unexpected view of the dome and cross of St. Paul's, After passing several other narrow lanes westward, Puddle Dock is reached. This is of considerable antiquity. Stow records that it was an ancient watering-place for horses, and Shakespeare mentions it in his will as being one of the landmarks identifying his property in Blackfriars.

In the neighbourhood, on the waterside, was the ancient stronghold known as Baynard's Castle, which gave its name to this, one of the largest wards in the City. It was built soon after the Norman Conquest, and was practically contemporary with the Tower of London, taking its name, according to Stow, from its builder, who was one of the followers of William the Conqueror. Afterwards the Fitzwalters, castellans, and bannerers, of the City, lived here, and in 1428 it was rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Many historical events took place in the castle ; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was offered the Crown by the citizens of London, and the Council sat to determine the right of Mary Tudor to the throne. All that was left of it in 1666 perished in the Great Fire.

At the end of Thames Street, we have arrived at Blackfriars and the neighbourhood covered in



Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

BRIDGE WHARF, BLACKFRIARS

From the Vintry to Blackfriars

Ramble No. 1. Standing near St. Paul's Station and looking eastwards, we see two main thoroughfares in striking contrast to each other. On the right is Thames Street stretching its mile of length to the Tower, a street with a thousand years of history. On the right is the modern Queen Victoria Street, striking into the heart of the City, cutting ruthlessly through historic streets and obliterating ancient landmarks.

Queen Victoria Street was constructed in 1870 to afford a direct communication between the centre of the City and Blackfriars Bridge with the newly-made Thames Embankment. A drastic change was made in the ground-plan of the district —houses were demolished and streets and lanes curtailed or cut in two—in some cases their courses were diverted, and several, with more than one churchyard, disappeared altogether. So great was the alteration that it would be impossible in a booklet of this size to attempt the description of the changes in any detail. The section of the Underground Railway between Mansion House and Blackfriars stations was laid at the same time, following the same line as the new street.

We now cross the street, and turning back eastward towards the centre of the City, pass the *Times* office and the church of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, another Wren church described in Ramble No. 1. (Note how the construction of Queen Victoria Street has provided a fine new

southern approach and entrance to the church.) We turn up Wardrobe Terrace, between the church and the house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, mounting the steps, follow a narrow passage to the left between the churchyard and rectory garden, and come into St. Andrew's Hill.

At the top of the hill we are in Carter Lane, where, turning to the right, a few yards brings us to Wardrobe Place, a pleasant little backwater with some trees—the houses on the right side were rebuilt just after the Great Fire. Mr. W. G. Bell, in his admirable book, *The Great Fire of London*, suggests that the quadrangle preserves the outline of one of the courts of the palace or house of the King's Wardrobe (mentioned in Shakespeare's will) which formerly stood here and from which Wardrobe Place and Terrace and St. Andrew's Church derived their names. As its name denotes, the King's Wardrobe was kept there, and in addition it provided lodgings for certain State officials.

On the opposite side of Carter Lane is St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School with its roof playground, and in Dean's Court adjoining is the Deanery of St. Paul's, a spacious house rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire; with a walled court-yard and a doorway of black carved oak, the Deanery has stood on this site from the beginning of the thirteenth century. Doctors' Commons was formerly in this neighbourhood and was the centre of the ecclesi-

astical courts. The proctors who practised there are described in picturesque fashion by Dickens in *David Copperfield*. With the judicial reform effected by the Probate Act of 1857, the 'College' was dissolved and its functions taken over by Courts.

Again crossing Carter Lane, we come to the Post Office Telephone building, on a wall of which, in Bell Yard, is a tablet stating that on the site formerly stood the Bell Inn which, perishing in the Great Fire, was rebuilt and finally demolished in 1899. The tablet records that the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare was written at the Bell by his fellow-townsman, Richard Quyney, whose son afterwards married Judith Shakespeare, the poet's younger daughter. The letter is preserved in the Birthplace Museum at Stratford-on-Avon, and was an attempt to borrow money from the bard!

Continuing along Carter Lane, we arrive at Godliman Street, running right and left. Turning to the right, we pass Paul's Bakehouse Court (where the bakery of the Cathedral household stood), and then come to Knightrider Street, at the junction of which is an old house, No. 16 Godliman Street, to which Mr. Bell refers (see Ramble No. 11). The lower story is set in a timber framing, and as such method of construction was prohibited in the subsequent rebuilding, it is probable that this portion of the house escaped destruction in the

Great Fire. The upper stories, however, appear to have been built immediately after the Fire, so that it seems likely that whilst the upper part was burned, the ground floor escaped sufficiently to be incorporated in the new building.

Walking down Godliman Street the tower of St. Benet's is before us, and we arrive once more in Queen Victoria Street. On our left is the College of Arms, or Heralds' College. This stately building was erected in 1683, after the Fire, and succeeded Derby House, the mansion of the Earls of Derby which was given to the College of Arms by Queen Mary Tudor in 1555. The college is a dignified building in red brick with a fine court-yard, the proportions of which have suffered by a portion being taken for the formation of Queen Victoria Street. All matters pertaining to heraldry are dealt with here and the college possesses many treasures, including the sword and dagger of James IV of Scotland, and many priceless genealogical manuscripts and volumes.

Proceeding eastward along Queen Victoria Street, we come to the church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. The making of Queen Victoria Street gave this church also a new southern entrance, but at the sacrifice of a considerable portion of the church-yard. In front of the church, which is approached by a flight of steps, is a terrace on the wall of which rises a crucifix raised on a column, which with the gateway surmounted by a figure of St. Nicholas

constitutes the parish memorial of the Great War. A complete view of the south side of the church is unfortunately spoiled by some shops which have been built up against the church in recent years.

There is a considerable difference of opinion as to the meaning of the name of the church. Stow speaks of it as 'Cold Abbey' and mentions other variations—Gold Abbey, Golden Abbey, and Cold Bey. Another suggestion is that a founder or restorer was named 'Colby' of which the name is a corruption, and still another that it had some connection with Cold Harbour. Perhaps the suggestion may be made that 'Cole' refers to the name of a builder or benefactor (e.g. St. Benet Sherehog and St. Benet Fink), and the church may have been in the gift of one of the abbeys (as in Allhallows, Barking). The 'Taxatio' of Pope Nicholas IV, in 1291, refers to it as S. Nicholaus de Cold Abbey.

The church was founded before 1144 (the fact that a date is given as the first-known mention of a church does not preclude a much earlier foundation), and Stow records that it was rebuilt in 1377. He speaks of the church in his day as 'a proper church, somewhat ancient, as appeareth by the ways raised thereabout, so that men are forced to descend into the body of the church.'

After the Fire the church was rebuilt by Wren —the first to arise (in 1677) from the ashes of the great destruction. It is one of his simplest pillar-

less interiors, but is an excellent example of the supreme suitability of his designs as the background for subsequent ornamentation. The church became in 1885 the centre of a great religious, artistic, and social activity which it has maintained, and during the rectorate of Henry Cary Shuttleworth and his successors it has been beautifully decorated, in perfect taste and in absolute sympathy with and in extension of Wren's design.

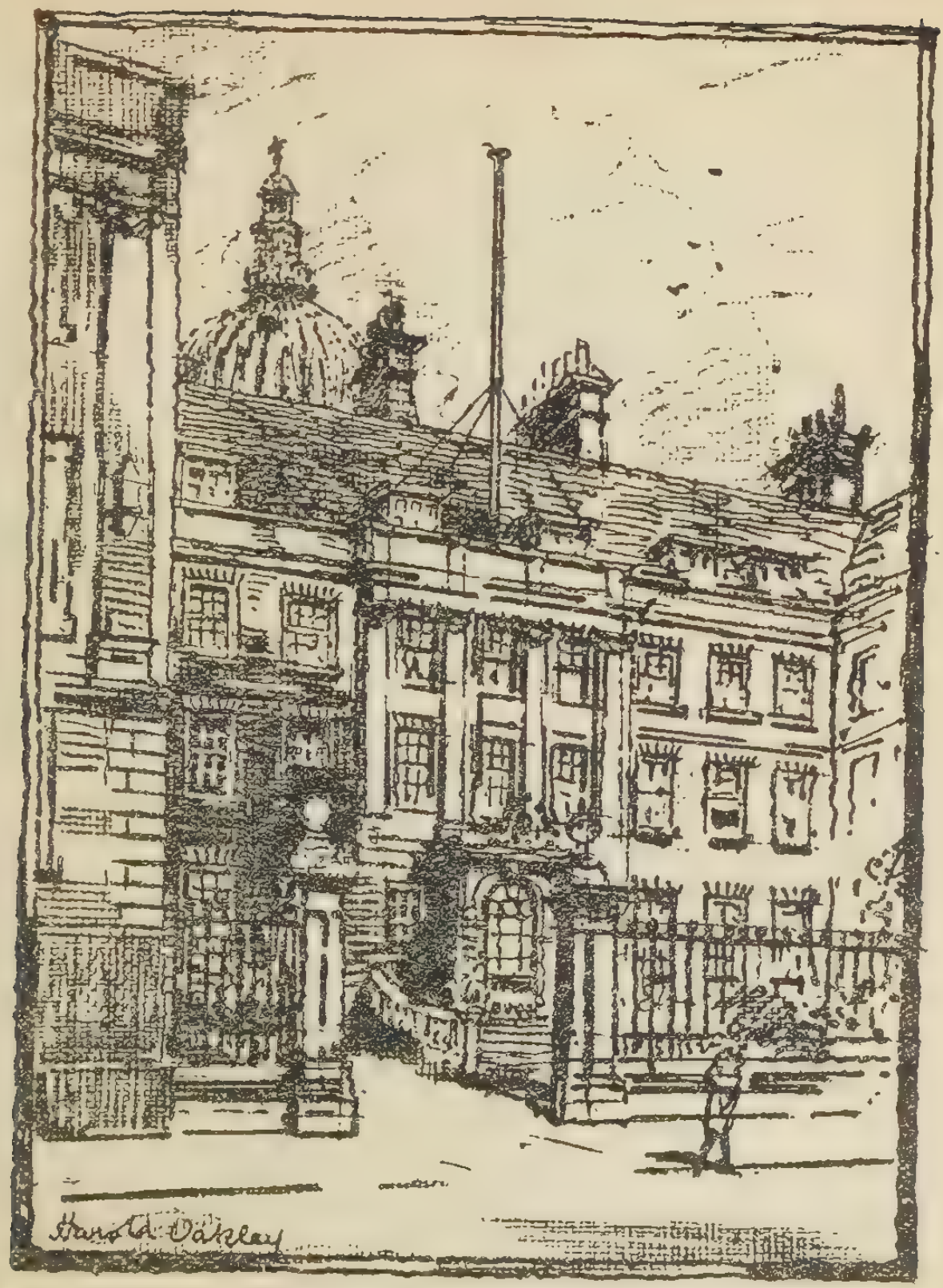
Especial note should be taken of the excellent carving of the altar piece (filled with modern Italian mosaic), the pulpit (the panels of which have paintings of St. Nicholas and the patron saints of its sister churches), the beautiful font cover, and some fine panels at the west end, probably the work of Grinling Gibbons. Other special features are the great brass chandelier suspended from the roof (probably the finest in the city), an antique carved wood reading-desk from Italy, two very fine altar lamps and some old chairs, one covered with Spanish leather is in the sanctuary, and two of the time of William and Mary, below the pulpit.

There are several pictures, one of them a reputed Vandyke, and the stained glass windows are unusually good for modern work. The church has a valuable collection of vestments, some of them of great antiquity and beauty. There is a fine organ, and the church is reputed for the high standard of its musical services, when it is often crowded.

St. Nicholas serves as the church for six parishes, the others being: St. Nicholas Olave, St. Mary Mounthaw, St. Mary Somerset, St. Peter Paul's Wharf, and St. Benet Paul's Wharf.

Leaving by the north door, the original entrance, we are in Knightrider Street, and, turning eastward from the corner of Friday Street, we look back to get a good view of the spire. It is in the unusual form of a lighthouse and recalls the fact that St. Nicholas is the patron saint of all lighthouse-keepers. Wren also placed a similar spire on the church of St. Edmund-the-King in Lombard Street, to which after the Fire was united the parish of St. Nicholas Acons. St. Nicholas is also the patron saint of children, and in Holland the children put out their shoes for presents on his name-day, December 9th. In England, he is called by his abbreviated name (Santa Claus) and the children put out their stockings on Christmas Day instead.

We are again in Queen Victoria Street, and a little farther on is Bread Street. A few yards up the street, on the right-hand side, is the church of St. Mildred. There was a church here in 1170, and as the dedication is to a Saxon princess, who was abbess of a monastery at Minster in Thanet in 676, it is probable that the foundation was before the Norman Conquest. (In the absence of other evidence it can generally be assumed that churches dedicated to Saxon or Scandinavian saints were founded before 1066.) It was rebuilt after the



Specially drawn by] [*Harold Oakley*

THE COLLEGE OF ARMS, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET

Fire, and Wren's ingenuity in giving a sense of spaciousness to even small churches (and this is one of his smallest) has never been better exemplified. It is the least altered of any of his churches, and, despite various restorations and additions, it remains very much as he left it.

This is one of Wren's 'domed' churches, and the proportions are perfect. The high-backed pews remain unaltered. The pulpit (attributed to Grinling Gibbons) is one of the best in the City, the carving of the great sounding-board being especially fine. Two recent stained glass windows are very good (they form a good example of the development of this art in recent years) and are in complete harmony with the church. Other features of interest are the carved oak reredos, font, and royal arms. The corporation pew, which is in the centre of the church, is exceptionally large, and has a sword rest between a lion and unicorn.

Sir Nicholas Crisp, the loyal servant of Charles I, is commemorated in a tablet—his heart is placed in an urn at St. Paul's, Hammersmith. Shelley was married here to Mary Woolstonecroft Godwin in 1816, and the entry in the register can still be seen. Another marriage of romantic interest took place in 1791. It was that of Henry Cecil, the 'Lord of Burleigh' who is commemorated in Tennyson's poem:

> He is but a landscape painter,
> And a village maiden she.

Gerrard's Hall

But alas! the bride bore the unromantic name of Sarah Hoggins!

The Fire Brigade Station, which stands between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, is on the site of Gerrard's Hall. This stood in Basing Lane, a small thoroughfare which was swept away when the western extension of Cannon Street was carried out in the middle of the last century. Gerard's or Gisors' Hall was a mediaeval building which took its latter name from John Gisors, who lived here, and who was Mayor in 1245—his descendants lived here for many years. John Stow gives its history at length. In his day, the mansion had become an inn and the tradition of it having been the abode of one Gerrard, a giant, still adhered to the house. In witness thereof, his 'staff,' a fir pole nearly 40 ft. in length, was shown to visitors.

Stow examined the fable carefully and in his shrewdly humorous fashion suggested that the staff was only an ordinary parish maypole placed there for safe custody. He has some trenchant remarks to make concerning one 'Reyne Wolfe,' the author or transmitter of this and other fables (a sort of 'yellow journalist' of his time), and who, says Stow, 'never travelled further than from London to the university of Oxford.' Gerard's Hall was rebuilt as a tavern after the Fire, incorporating a crypt of 1290, which survived and was ultimately pulled down in 1852. Some relics of the house are preserved in the museum at Guildhall.

From the Vintry to Blackfriars

Crossing Queen Victoria Street to the right, we turn into Great Trinity Lane. This takes its name from the church of the Holy Trinity-the-Less which was destroyed in the Great Fire. The Protestant Lutherans afterwards built on the site a church which was known as the German Church and this was removed when Queen Victoria Street was constructed. Mansion House Station stands on its site. Beaver House, the fine new building of the Hudson Bay Company, is here.

We cross Garlick Hill, looking down it for a good view of the spire of St. James Garlick Hithe, and are now in the street of Great St. Thomas Apostle. This, with a neighbouring lane (Little St. Thomas Apostle, swept away by street improvements), took its name from the church of St. Thomas Apostle (so called to distinguish it from St. Thomas à Becket, a favourite English saint of the Middle Ages), which stood at the corner of Queen Street and Cannon Street and, perishing in the Great Fire, was not rebuilt. A portion of the churchyard still remains, marked with a tablet. In the neighbourhood was another mediaeval mansion, known as Ypres Inn, from its builder, William of Ypres, a native of Flanders and a favourite of King Stephen.

We are now in Queen Street, and a few minutes' walk brings us again to Upper Thames Street and our starting-point.

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